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AT MY DOOR.

BY T. P. R.

Weird and gaunt are the swaying branches
  Of the leafless trees on the hill,
And the frost hath woven its tracery
  On the sedges beside the rill;
From the forest have flown its songsters,
  Their minstrelsy no more
Greets the rosy dawn's uprising
  As I ope my cottage door.

In the warmest nook of the barn-eaves
  Sit the swift-winged dove and mate,
Talking and nodding as gravely
  As sages o'er matters of state;
And the sheltered kine are munching
  In yon shed their autumn store—
How the dawn-lit rafters glisten
  Seen from my cottage door!

No longer is heard from yonder branch
  The robin's sweet roundelay;
E'en the swallows that housed in my chimney
  Have ceased their noisy play.
Soon his white robe, ample and spotless,
  King Winter shall fling o'er
The desolate, barren landscape,
  Outside my cottage door.

When the gathering shades of evening
  Rob the day of golden light,
And brightly o'er field and mountain
  Rises Luna, queen of the night,
I muse over joys departed,
  And friends that have gone before,
And wonder when I, like the year, shall fade,
  And be borne from my cottage door.

And as I am wafted by memory
  Up Time's ever-flowing stream,
Not sombre all, like the fields without,
  Are the scenes of my waking dream.
Oft, too, I seem to catch a glimpse
  Of that bright and sinless shore
Where summer and roses never fade,
  Far beyond my cottage door.

THE KING'S RUBIES

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TERRIBLE PENALTY," "HIS DEAREST SIN," "MISS FORRESTER'S LAND STEWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"I'LL begin it like a fairy story," replied Esdaile, laughing. "Once upon a time—the time was when Clive was conquering India, and my namesake, Captain Derek Esdaile, had left a young bride in England and joined Clive. My adventurous ancestor penetrated—how, history leaves in the dark—to Burmah, with only a few followers.

"I suppose there was a lull in the fighting, or perhaps he was sent on some secret and dangerous mission. But, whatever the reason, certain it is he was in Burmah. Well, there reigned over Burmah at that time a wise and pious king, who, when my namesake came to the city, was dying of some mysterious disease.

"The whole country was in lamentation, prayers were continuously offered up to the great Buddha on behalf of the king, gifts were laid in the temple, and the native physicians trembled for their lives, when this stranger from a far clime said, 'Take me to the king; I can cure him!' So they took him, thinking him a heavenly messenger from the Lord Buddha.

"He chose his attendants, and shut out every one else from the king's chamber, and nursed him day and night. On the seventh day—it is always the seventh day in fairy stories, Teresita—the stranger came forth on the great steps of the palace, leading the king by the hand, restored to health.

"The whole city seemed waiting, breathless, in the narrow streets. And they fell down upon their faces before the messenger from Buddha and the king. The king asked the stranger what reward he would have. 'None,' said my namesake.

Then the king took those glorious rubies from an attendant and gave them to the stranger, and bade him keep them forever in remembrance of those seven days and the gratitude of the king whose life he had saved.

"So my ancestors brought the jewels home to his bride, and she wore them at the great ball that was given at Leigh's Hollow in honor of his return. Think of it, Teresita! Gems of fabulous age, that once were imbedded in a gorgeous Indian statue, flashing on the breast of an English girl as she danced in an English country house."

"And ever since the Esdaile brides have always worn them," said Teresa softly. "I like your story. Why shouldn't the stones be a talisman? Why shouldn't they, as tradition says they do, overcome misfortune?"

"Why should they, my sweet piece of romance?"

"As if you didn't think just as I do," said the girl. "They were given in gratitude for an act of pure charity. It is superstitious to believe that they might carry a blessing with them?"

"I'm afraid I am superstitious, if it comes to that," replied Esdaile gravely. "I should be very sorry to lose the rubies—that's all I know. And now, dear, I want to say something to you that I don't think you will like as much as my story."

Teresa looked surprised, but not at all dismayed. She had experienced so many disagreeables in her life that she was always prepared for them; it was the agreeable things that were hard to understand.

It was this knowledge that made Esdaile so especially hate the subject he must speak about. The girl's quietness pained him bitterly.

"It's nothing much, sweetheart," he said, drawing her to him caressingly—"only a wish of mine I want you to yield to——"

"But of course I shall," interposed the girl wonderingly—"I always like it. How can that be disagreeable? Is is about Mrs. Gifford? You don't like her; but then I dare say I am mistaken, and not you; you would know best."

Esdaile pressed his lips to her forehead.

"Then, my darling," he said, "you will not think me very hard if I ask you, after we are married, from the very first to treat her as a mere acquaintance, and to drop her gradually. I speak to you now, lest you make her promises of friendship which it would be difficult to break. You haven't done so yet, have you?"

"No, Derek; I shouldn't promise anything to her without asking you. But I didn't think you would want me to drop her entirely."

"Because she has been kind to you?"

"I think—at least, I fancy—her motives may have been mixed," said the girl, "Though I didn't think that at the beginning. I had only a feeling that she wasn't sincere, and I never have got fond of her. But practically the result has been that she has done me a kindness."

"Which she couldn't help. She only really cared to get a hold on you and me."

Teresa drew a long breath, and hid her flushed face against her lover's breast. The girl's pure sincere nature had revolted against Blanche's want of refinement, but she had never seen beneath the surface as this man of the world had done.

"You weren't altogether happy with her dearest, were you?" said Esdaile gently.

"Not with her," she whispered.

"You see I made use of her," he said, smiling, "as she did of me. She knew that, I am certain. But she thought I couldn't manage to get rid of her, and that you would be softer than I, and influence me. I don't care for the woman in the least—she is vulgar and ill-bred; and I mistrust her. She is, to me, one of the people of whom you expect anything—at least you are not surprised at whatever you hear of them."

Teresa looked up with clear comprehending eyes.

"You have thought the same yourself," he added, "and I have put your thoughts into words for you?"

Her eyes fell, and the color came again into her cheeks.

"Yes," she whispered. "But—why did she—how could she—— Oh, Derek."

He understood her sensitive nature, and thought that perhaps, after all, he had been too precipitate; but to have allowed her to become involved by making promises which she could not be permitted to fulfill would have been cruel.

In a few minutes she recovered herself. So tenderly soothed with such perfect sympathy, how could she be unhappy for long? Esdaile said no more about Mrs. Gifford—he knew there was no need. He told Teresa that another reason for his coming to her was to say "Good-bye" till the day after to-morrow, as she must go down to-night to Leigh's Hollow.

"I gave orders," he said, "and I must see if they have been carried out as I like. It's for you, Teresita, so I'm not quite heart-broken at leaving you!"

"You'll come back as soon as you can?" pleaded the girl wistfully.

"Can you ask, dearest? And could I, if I wished, resist such beseeching eyes?"

"Is it 'Good-by'?" she said, her delicate fingers toying with the flower in his coat. "Derek, I didn't tell you—I'll do as you wish."

"There was no need to tell me," he replied—"I know you will. Good-bye, my own love! It's hard parting, after all, even for these few hours." He drew her to him, and their lips met in a long kiss. "Our last parting!" he whispered, releasing her at last.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Derek Esdaile had completed the business for which he had gone down to Leigh's Hollow, inspected the alterations to Teresa's rooms, and changed this and approved that, he found himself with time on his hands, too late to get up to town that night, and impatient of the delay.

In this dilemma he could not sit still at home; the empty rooms only set him longing for Teresa more desperately.

He betook himself to a friend's house some three miles off, and spent the evening there, coming away about eleven o'clock, and preferring to walk home instead of accepting the offer of a trap.

It was a moonless night, but not very dark, and the three miles were as nothing to Esdaile. He was in the humor to enjoy the walk—he had got rid pleasantly enough of those lagging hours; he was so much the nearer to Teresa; even the silence was welcome.

In the stillness that prevailed it was easy to hear a footstep that was evidently at some distance in front of him; but he could not see any one.

There was only one house near, a cottage in a good sized garden, his own property, and for some months rented by the father of the Alice Winn to whom Lady Wyndham had alluded.

Esdaile thought that the person ahead was Alice's father, who had perhaps just entered the garden; and, as this thought occurred to him, he found himself opposite to the gate leading to the cottage. It was wide open, and some one was stealthily creeping up the path. Every window in the cottage was dark.

"What's wrong?" wondered Esdaile, pausing. "There'd surely be a light somewhere if it were Winn! Somebody told me he kept money in the house. Anyhow, I'll see what's up."

He stepped noiselessly through the gateway, and, passing into the darkness beyond, he saw a man stealing round some bushes and going towards the house. Esdaile strode across the grass in swift pursuit. He would not call out, for he did not want to disturb the inmates unnecessarily.

The man's movements were decidedly suspicious; instead of going to a window or door, he paused in front of the house and looked up at the windows. As he did so Esdaile overtook him, and the man turned with a start.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Esdaile.

The man looked at him aggressively, defiantly, but not insolently. He seemed about thirty, as far as could be judged from a face bearing strong marks of a rough life and dissipation. He was not much above middle height, but well built and muscular.

"I'm doing no harm," said the man roughly, but not disrespectfully. "You needn't suspect me, sir."

"I must till you give some account of yourself. You don't belong to this house, I know," said Esdaile.

"Do you think I'm a thief?" retorted the man angrily, but not raising his voice.

"I don't know, my friend; but I shall have to get an answer."

"You go your way, sir, and leave me to mine. What business may it be of yours, I'd like to know?"

"These people are my tenants, and I shall protect them," said Esdaile sternly, laying his hand upon the man's collar. "You can't stay here."

For a moment the stranger looked at Esdaile with a savage scowl, and his hand went to his breast as if a weapon was concealed there. Then there was a sudden change in his manner, a strange softness stole into his eyes.

"Don't doubt me, sir," he said, in a hoarse whisper. "Bless you, I wouldn't hurt a hair of their heads no more than you would! It's just a last look, sir; I'm up to no harm."

Esdaile released his hold, and instinctively placed his hand upon the man's shoulder with a sympathetic touch that went to the stranger's heart.

"They'll never know it, sir," he said. "I wouldn't have them know for all you could give me. You wouldn't if you stood where I do, all from your own fault. I thought no one was by to see me."

"I'm sorry," said Esdaile gently.

"Sorry, sir—you!" The man stared at him, scanning his dress and the ring on his finger incredulously.

"You don't believe me?" said Esdaile.

"No—I don't!" answered the man bluntly. "A wretch like me, and you a gentleman, and rich, and got all you want! What do you care that I've gone to the dogs and lost everything in the world? You let me alone, sir—my way isn't yours. I've got to give my last look. That don't matter to you—does it?"

"But, my poor fellow," said Esdaile, touched and interested, "there isn't much difference between any of us when we're down. Are these Winns your friends, or ——" He paused. Probably the daughter has been this man's sweetheart, and he had taken to drink and dissipation, and

the engagement had been broken off. But even his pity and sympathy did not give him the right, Esdaile thought, to intrude on the man's private affairs.

"If they're your tenants, sir, perhaps you've seen the girl Alice; she and I were sweethearts, and might have been now if I hadn't gone for the drink. That's what's dragged me down. She wouldn't have anything more to say to me—she's as good a girl as ever breathed—and I'm going away for ever. But I had to look at the house that holds her—just once!" Then his voice broke in a sob, and he moved away to the gate, turning half savagely upon Esdaile, who followed him.

"That's your way!" he said through his teeth, pointing up the road. "I don't want a fine gentleman like you hanging round and getting at me. I don't want your pity nor your charity—you're wide apart from me. You let me alone—that's all I ask!"

Without the slightest sign of anger or haughtiness, Esdaile took the man's arm and led him outside into the road.

"We'll suppose I'm not a fine gentleman," he said—"I'm only very sorry for you, and that I hadn't an idea of forcing charity on you. I'll go my way when I've had a bit of a talk with you."

"What for?" demanded the man sullenly, half won over. "Such as you know nothing about such as I. You haven't had much trouble by the look of you; a girl wouldn't say nay to you whatever you did. You've got money—I can see that by your get-up."

"That's true; and it's such as I ought to help such as you. There's more between us than you know. I've got a sweetheart, too. I'm fond of her, and you are still fond of your old sweetheart. I can tell that, or you wouldn't want to look merely at the walls that hold her. I've a fellow-feeling with you there," said Esdaile, his voice becoming softer; "and I don't see why, because I'm a gentleman, I should be indifferent as to what becomes of you. Where were you going when I came across you?"

"To London"—reluctantly.

"Got any friends there, or employment?"

"No; and I'm not likely to get the last," said the man bitterly.

"If you'd tell me your name—give me some credentials," said Esdaile, with a touch of hesitation.

"No—I won't do either, sir. You mean kindly, I haven't a doubt; but my name's an honest one, and I won't shame it. And credentials I haven't got."

"What are you going to do, then? You can't let yourself sink to the lowest depths, if only for the sake of that poor girl there."

"She'd best forget me. She's so ashamed of me, she'll never give me a thought."

"She'll never forget you, you know—women never do. They cling to us a great deal longer than we ever do to them—and forgive us eternally."

The man turned his face aside, drawing his breath hard; but he did not offer to move away; some curious attraction held him fast and seemed to be subduing him.

Esdaile, on his side, was strangely moved; the touch of romance in this rough fellow's love interested him greatly; the willingness of the man to be forgotten because it were best so for his sweetheart appealed strongly to Esdaile's chivalrous nature.

"If you don't try to keep straight," he said gently, "and she comes to hear of your failure, you'll only make her more unhappy. The best we men can do doesn't make us good enough for a woman: so what are we at our worst? How are you going to get to London? Walk?"

"Yes," replied the man ungraciously.

"Walk!" echoed Esdaile. "Perhaps you don't know how far it is; and it stands to reason, if you haven't money to ride, you've very little for food. You're not the sort to beg."

"How do you know what I come from, sir?" asked the man sharply.

"You've been bred on land, or I'm very much mistaken," said Esdaile quietly. "You'll have to let me give you some money, and no nonsense about it."

"I won't have it!" declared the man fiercely, stepping back.

"Because you choose to call it charity. It's nothing of the kind. I hate to see a man drift for want of a helping hand, whoever he is. Don't be foolish, but take what I give you."

"Perhaps I'd spend your money in drink, sir," said the man, with a hard laugh; "I'd be worse off then. Better keep it in your pocket. I can get money." He paused, then added in a less reckless tone, "There's jobs to pick up on the road without robbing a gentleman like you who's tried to do me a good turn."

"You don't rob me," returned Esdaile. "I am glad for you to have it; and I think you will try to keep from drink to-night, at least. You won't let me help you any other way?"

"You're odd, sir, if I make free to say it," said the man, looking at Esdaile with a curious mixture of swagger and gentleness in his manner.

"A young swell like you turning out of his road to help on a poor beggar like me! You wouldn't lose a thing you've got—that home of yours and your sweetheart nor your money—if I was to be hung to-morrow. Why you care I don't know."

'Just because I've so much," replied Esdaile in a low tone, looking at the windows of the cottage.

The man followed Esdaile's glance and seemed to comprehend it.

"Maybe I understand you a bit, sir," he said softly; then he walked up the little garden-path towards the house.

Esdaile would have turned aside, but curiosity impelled him to follow the man's movements. He saw him kneel on the threshold and bend his head as if he had kissed the stones.

The master of Leigh's Hollow turned aside directly, looking out over the dim country with a mist before his eyes. To-morrow warm lips would meet his; that kiss, more bitter than death, was all this poor wretch had.

The terrible inequalities of life and its endless problems pressed themselves upon the young man; he was face to face with some of them in the midst of his own happiness.

"It's a curious world," he said to himself, with a sigh; "it's a good thing there's another, where matters can be made straight. It's all that poor wretch's own fault, I've no doubt, and he may be a jail-bird for aught I know. I fancy there's something of that about him; but there's a lot of good in him.

"A man doesn't care for a girl in that way if he is altogether worthless; those sort of people, as a rule, are so prosaic in their love affairs. That poor girl, sleeping so quietly behind those closed blinds—if she only knew! Ah, here he comes! What a good looking fellow it is even now!"

The man came down the path with unsteady footsteps, and more than once put his hand over his eyes.

He paused irresolutely as Esdaile closed the gate behind them; his mood seemed to have changed—he had become submissive.

Esdaile put some money into his companion's hand—all he had in his pocket, which did not happen to be much.

"It's all I have about me," he said. "I wish"—very earnestly—"you would let me do something more."

"That I never will, sir; and there's nothing you could do. But there's one thing I'll ask—that you never tell Alice"—his voice faltered—"that I've been about or that you have seen me. You see, sir, somehow I couldn't help telling you things I'd rather have kept to myself."

"I won't betray your confidence, of course," said Esdaile—"you have a right to your own secrets; but I think, for her sake——"

"I've no part or lot with her," interposed the man hoarsely. "I'll promise you not to use this money you've given me in drink, sir—I'll swear that! Good night, sir!"

"If you will persist in refusing assistance, I can do no more," said Esdaile, holding out his hand. "Good night!"

The man looked at the outstretched hand, then at Esdaile's face, surprise and pain in his own. Then he thrust his hand doggedly into his pocket.

"No, sir—you wouldn't shake hands with me if you knew," he said, turning sharply away and walking off rapidly.

Esdaile made no attempt to follow him, smiling oddly as his hand fell slowly to his side.

"That's a new experience for me," he reflected; "but I don't think that poor fellow's hand would contaminate me. Yet I like him for refusing mine. There is something about him that attracts me, dissipated scamp though he looks—no, not scamp exactly, though I verily believe he had seen the inside of a prison. Those Winns are much too decent people to have anything to do with him."

He dreamed that night a dream that made him smile when he awoke. Teresa had gone out of his life, and this man he had met had come into it. And the dream seemed still more absurd when, hours after, his darling's soft lips were pressed to his.

Was he grateful enough for all this love, he wondered, for this immunity from trouble? And he thought, with a throb of pain and pity, of that last kiss on the cold stones—fit emblem of a dead life.

CHAPTER X.

EVEN in the midst of his absorption in the girl who was so soon to be his bride, Esdaile often thought of the man who had so strangely interested him. He kept the secret entrusted to him, not even breathing a word to Teresa concerning his midnight encounter.

The man whom he had met also kept his promise—that he would not spend in drink the money given him. But, when he had reached London and met an old companion, he was not proof against being "treated"; but he did not mean to drink much.

His companion had the appearance of a working-man, and was clad in decent but rather shabby black clothes. The two men met in a side street near the Strand.

"Hallo, Varcoe!" cried the shabby one, stretching out a not over-clean hand and grinning broadly. "Come back, then?"

"You see I have," said Esdaile's acquaintance rather sullenly, as if he did not care much for the encounter. He shook hands, withdrawing his instantly. "How are you, Linton?"

"Let's have a drink," said Linton. "I'll stand 'sam.'"

"All right," agreed Varcoe.

They turned up an alley wherein stood the inevitable public house. Spirits were called for, and the two men sat down in a corner of the dirty bar.

"I thought you'd have been out here before this," said Jasper Linton.

"So I was."

"Where have you been, then?"—"In the country."

"Job?" queried Linton?"—"No."

Varcoe sat inert and listless, his head bent down, his glass still half full.

"Why, what's come to you, man?" said Jasper. "Broken your spirit, have they? Finish the gin—it'll put life into you. Don't be down; misfortunes come to all of us. There'll be plenty of chance to redeem yourself"—with a loud laugh.

"What do you mean?" cried Varcoe, his still handsome eyes flashing.

Linton looked at him sharply, but in a furtive way. Then he leaned forward and said, in a low tone—

"Parson got hold of you, Frank?"

"No," replied Varcoe, with a restless movement; "but I've had enough of that black hole—I'm not going to risk it again. You can call me coward if you like—so would y u be if—if—— Well, anyhow, I'm going to keep out of it."

"Oh, bless you, you precious lamb!" exclaimed Linton mockingly. "And you one of the best hands! Who was at Marvyn House and the Dunmore Bank and——"

"Hold your tongue!" said Varcoe, scowling. "I tell you I've given it up."

"Oh, you have, have you? Quite sure? Made up your mind for ever?" inquired Linton.

"Yes."

"A sort of conversion, as the religious folk say," jeered Linton. "Well, it's a waste of good material, and I don't see how you're going to live. Nobody'll have you."

"Do you think I don't know that? A mighty lot of Christians won't give a man a chance!"

Varcoe seized his glass and tossed off the spirit.

"Another glass, Frank?" pleaded Linton. "Come—I won't take a 'No.'"

"I don't want it," said Varcoe, as if he dared the whole world.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Linton soothingly. "You're not a baby that a glass will choke. You're down, and some brandy'll set you up. Good fellowship, you know; and, if we are to part, we may as well part good friends."

"The attentive barman acted upon a sign from Jasper, and, before Varcoe had time to reply, a glass of streaming brandy and water was before him.

He turned his head towards it; the mere smell of the spirit was a temptation. Linton leaned back, watching his companion covertly; he was a very cautious man, not like Varcoe, who had carried through many a risky scheme by sheer daring.

Varcoe made a movement as if he would rise, then sank back into his seat again. After a brief struggle the craving for the drink overpowered those new and feeble resolves. He drank the brandy as if it were nectar, and then sprang to his feet.

"Well, I'm off," he said in a hurried way, turning aside from the empty glasses. "Wish you good luck, Linton! I won't split on old friends, you know. By-the-bye, how's the missus? Same old games?"

"Yes—no change there. But I say Frank, this is unfriendly in you; I'm sure I've done all I can to show I'm glad to see you again."

"Yes, yes," said Varcoe; "but I've something to do—I can't stop. Good-bye, Linton!" He held out his hand and hardly let the other touch it before he withdrew it hastily and went quickly out of the public-house.

Linton called for some more drink, and turned over in his mind the astounding conduct of the man who had just left him.

"This is all nonsense!" he said to himself. "I'll never believe Frank has turned white-feather; he's been got at by a parson or a charitable lady or some other idiot. We can't spare him. I'm glad, though, he let on before I said a word about this affair.

"He wouldn't split, perhaps, but, when a chap gets that sort of maudlin good fit on, there's no trusting him. It's best to be on the safe side. This ought to be a good swag if all goes well," mused Mr. Linton, changing the subject of his thoughts.

"I don't see why there should be any hitch. We'll have to keep an eye on somebody's movements—that's where the risk comes in. Varcoe would have got it through, whether the yellow was there or not. Fool! He won't drink, and he won't be at his old tricks! What's in the wind now? He'll starve, anyhow, that's one comfort!"

Mr. Linton rose, placed his hands in his pockets, and swaggered out of the bar into the street. In the Strand he mounted an omnibus, and was soon engaged in conversation on the conditions of labor and the connection of poverty with crime with an unsuspecting traveler by his side.

But it was not till some hours later, when indeed the summer evening was darkening, that he passed into the tangled garden of the haunted house, and was admitted by the mysterious and solitary old woman.

"Dick here?" inquired Linton.

"No—he ain't. Is he coming?"

Jasper made no answer, but pushed past the woman into the sitting room. When the twilight had deepened into night, a light footstep sounded in the passage, and the slim young man called Dick stood before Jasper.

"I didn't hear the door!" said Linton, staring at his friend in astonishment.

"You oughtn't to," replied Dick, laughing. "It'd be an odd thing if I couldn't get into a house without a sound. I haven't much time, Jasper; there are one or two things I want to settle."

"How's it going?" asked Linton.

"First-rate—couldn't be better. I told you I'd manage."

Linton rubbed his hands silently. What Dick had to settle was briefly discussed, and, when that was done, Linton said—

"Did you happen to hear of that narrow escape of Jem's?"

"Yes—I heard."

"As nearly caged as ever I see in my life," said Jasper. "But he doubled and dodged somehow, and the coppers gave the hue and cry, and were after him like dogs on a hare; but they couldn't nab him; he's as slippery as an eel, that chap! Talking of slippery chaps, who do you think I've seen this morning?"

"Oh, I'm in no mood for guesses! Out with it!" said Dick, in an off-hand manner.

"Well, this is a mighty easy guess; we were talking about him last time."

"Varcoe?" exclaimed Dick, with sudden interest; but his face darkened. "You don't mean Varcoe?"

"Yes, I do! Don't you wish he'd gone and done for a warder and been hung?" said Jasper joccosely. "You look as black as a thunder cloud; but you needn't have no fear."

"Don't think I'm jealous of him," cried Dick scornfully; "we work on quite different lines—and more so now than when he was with us! He can't come back, Jasper—we shouldn't be the Invincibles any longer."

"Well, if that ain't just like an idiot such as you!" said Linton. He looked furious enough to have frightened a man so much younger and slighter than himself; but Dick only laughed contemptuously.

"You're enough to drive any one crazy with your notions!" continued Linton angrily. "A silly bit of pride! But it's no matter: the fellow's as big a fool in his way as you are in yours. He's turned pious!"

"What—Varcoe?" Dick raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders. "How long will it last? But didn't I tell you he

wasn't to be depended on? That's the sort that turns on his friends and gets in the pay of the police.

"Let him go his own way—he'll do to mind the wine cellar of some pious philanthropic chap. This job of ours don't hang on him; it wants different sort of treatment. It's going smooth as glass. Have you seen the papers?"

"No—not lately."

"It doesn't matter—only you'd have seen for yourself what I tell you now—how it's all been shaping itself to the end we want. It'll take time yet, though."

"It's a precious long time, Dick, and it takes a sight of cash."

"And it'll make a sight of cash," said Dick composedly. "Don't be frightened, old man. I never failed you yet, and won't now."

"Mind you don't tumble us all in the ditch with this high and mighty affair!" grumbled Linton. "I like easier means. I don't believe Varcoe would care for it if he knew."

"See that he doesn't know," said Dick menacingly. "He's all for go and rush; that won't do here. You're the only one that carps at me, Jasper; but of course that's in the order of things. And now I'm going."

"Where to?"

"Oh, several places!" replied Dick airily. "Read the papers, and you'll presently see me in quite an affecting character. Good-night! Let me have some more money; I've bills to pay."

"Always money!" growled Linton.

Dick, disregarding his comrade's complainings, then left the house. Again there are the crunching of wheels; then the sound died gradually away, leaving the lonely house in its usual unbroken silence.

CHAPTER XI.

"THOSE High-Church people are a nuisance, marrying at such unconscionable hours!" many people had said; but they were eager for invitations, notwithstanding the early time fixed for the Esdaile wedding. Not many guests were invited, but on the bridegroom's side there were friends and relatives who could not be overlooked.

The bride had no relatives, no one to give up for the man she was marrying. Lord Wyndham had begged to be allowed to give her away, even before Esdaile could ask him—indeed as soon as the wedding day was fixed.

There was no formal breakfast—only a very informal gathering of intimates at Montagu Street. Mrs. Gifford received the guests, although the arrangements were not in the least to her taste.

She looked very handsome in her rich silks, and was in her glory welcoming people who had never before set foot in her house, but who she fondly hoped would invite her to theirs.

It was not Mrs. Gifford who gave the affair that brightness and simplicity which delighted every one and made them declare that the whole thing was charming. Lady Wyndham divined the influences that brought about such a success.

"It was Esdaile, of course, and that winsome bride of his," she said afterwards. "Teresa will be a power in society when she feels her feet."

The bride retired early to change her dress, and came back, looking even paler than before, but apparently quite self-possessed, bidding every one farewell and accepting their warm wishes with perfect grace. Blanche was the last to say "Good-bye;" she took the girl's hands in hers and kissed her.

"I am not going to say 'Adieu,' my dear," she said brightly; and Teresa felt her heart throb. She glanced to where Derek stood talking to some one.

She must be on her guard—remember what he had said. She only smiled; and indeed, before she had time for a word, Blanche went on—"But 'Au revoir!' You will only be away a month. You will write to me in the meantime?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Teresa, still smiling—a safe and convenient answer, and a promise she could easily keep. One need not write long or intimate letters.

Blanche was satisfied however; she had tremendous confidence in herself, and she knew she had made herself extremely agreeable to everyone.

The whole business could not have gone off so well had it not been for her skilful management.

It was too quiet to go for itself, she thought, with the contempt of her type for a function where there were no show and fuss, no great spread, and everybody seemed at home.

She stood in the middle of the handsome room when all the guests had gone, and looked round her with triumph in her eyes.

"A month to wait," she said to herself. "She has promised to write. Then Leigh's Hollow!" She paused, moved away, and sank into a chair.

"I wonder if I shall ever get tired of this life," she went on, still communing with herself, "and which will tire of life first—that child or I? How exquisite she looked in church, poor little soul! This time next year will she wish it all undone?"

No such question crossed Teresa's mind; every step of the way was joyous, every hour cloudless.

They went to an old Italian villa in the mountains not far from Florence, where the world seemed to slip away from them.

"I never knew there could be such happiness," she had said once; and now that happiness seemed poor compared with this. Then she would steal to Esdaile's side, and nestle there in a long silence, broken at last perhaps by a half-passionate whisper—

"If I could do something for you!"

"Dearest, can't you be content, as I am, with giving me your heart and your soul and your very self?" Esdaile answered on one of these occasions, when they were wandering in the quaint Italian garden one glorious moonlight evening.

"Ah, but that is happiness—I want to suffer for you!" she said; but he hushed the words with his lips on hers.

"Don't wish that," he whispered: "some day there must be something to bear—but together—for both! Only not now; this happy time is to look back upon when the dark days come!"

Both however found it difficult to realise that there was such a thing as sorrow; even when it was time to go home, that was only a fresh pleasure.

Teresa's girlish raptures over Leigh's Hollow were in themselves sweet enough, without the welcome she received from every one in the place.

Leigh's Hollow did not take its name from its position, for it stood on a gentle elevation, but from the small sleepy village, which did lie in a hollow.

The Manor House was a delightful old place—not very large, but exceedingly picturesque, with its fine background of dark foliage and the silvery river at the foot of the lawns. But through all Teresa's delight there ran one glad thought, the crown of all others—this beautiful home was her husband's gift of love.

Outside that home there were heart-burnings and jealousies and criticism; Derek Esdaile was considered to have done a great wrong in making a girl who would have been a professional singer the mistress of Leigh's Hollow.

Who was she? Had she any credentials? Yes—she was beautiful; it was her beauty no doubt which had made him shut his eyes to the incongruity of such an alliance; but she was much too vivacious, like all those professional people.

Everybody who could went to the bride's first reception; she was dissected, admired, envied. She aroused an extraordinary interest. There were always watchful eyes to see her pass, to note what she wore and how she wore it; and even her most ordinary doings were discussed as if they had affected the peace and safety of an empire.

The girl was much too happy and too simple-hearted to notice all this. When Esdaile, who was more used to country life, told her of the sensation she created, she only laughed.

There was too much to be done to think about stupid people and gossip; there was that ball she supposed must come off, which rather dismayed her until Esdaile relieved her by saying of course August would do for that.

"The houses will be fuller then," he said; "and we can have a party, if you like, and wind up with this ball."

"Must I give it, Derek?"

"We always do."

"Oh, dear, you tiresome county families! You have canons unalterable! I didn't know what a dreadful thing it was to be a great lady! And I've been to so few balls. But just because there was once somebody who chose to have one, everyone following after her must do the same! I know you are laughing at me!"—raising her eyes and meeting a look that deepened the flush on her cheeks.

"You look so bonnie when you are bewailing your fate!" said Esdaile, unable to resist the temptation to take the lovely face between his hands and kiss it. "But you couldn't be so cruel as to want to take my chance away from me? Think how seldom I've had it—how seldom I shall have it in future!"

"Dances?" said Teresa softly. Then, after a pause, she added, "You wanted me to go and see some one. Who is it? I can go now if you like."

"The Winns, dear—tenants. But are you sure——"

The girl laid her pretty hand upon his lips.

"Derek, when will you understand that I am always ready to put all my own concerns aside to do what you wish?" she interposed; and after that it was only natural that Esdaile should tell her his wishes with his arm around her and her sunny head nestling against his shoulder.

He had never forgotten that strange meeting with the man who had once been Alice Winn's lover; he had never failed to think pityingly of the poor girl; and he had an idea that, if Teresa made friends with Alice, some good might come of it. But he said nothing to Teresa of this; he simply expressed a wish that she should see the Winns.

"Have they been here long?" inquired Teresa. "Have you any special reason? I mean, am I to pay particular attention to them?"

"They haven't been here very long," replied Esdaile; then he paused, stroked her golden hair, and added slowly, "I've reason for thinking the daughter is not quite as happy as you are, my sunbeam. But you must please yourself about paying her particular attention. They are the sort of simple people who will think a visit from you a great honor."

So Teresa went, and charmed both father and daughter with her pretty deference to the old man and her unconsciousness of her own dignity. She came home delighted, and with not a little girlish pride in one of her first visits as her husband's deputy.

"You are not my deputy," said Esdaile, smiling. "I shouldn't be any use at all."

"Mr. Winn said I was to thank you for sending me," she persisted saucily. "He is a dear old man, and Alice is sweet! I wish my maid would leave me!"

"Why, Teresita? What a little enthusiast you are! I don't suppose Alice would leave her home."

"Yes, she might. They are rather poor, Derek. Did you know? Can't you lower their rent, or do something? But that isn't my province, is it?"

"Yes, it is, my darling—to find out things that the people won't tell me and make them smooth. I'll do what I can without demoralising the others—one has to think of that."

"Manage it somehow," she said coaxingly.

"Very well; I must, of course!" replied Esdaile resignedly. "By-the-by, sweet heart, do you write still to Mrs. Gifford?"

"No; I only wrote two short letters from Florence, and one when we arrived here to answer a long gushing pamphlet from her. She has sent another this morning—you handed it to me yourself."

"I didn't notice it. What a nuisance the woman is! She wants to get asked down here."

Esdaile spoke as irritably as it was possible for him to do when Teresa was near him. She was leaning upon his knee in a favorite attitude of hers. She raised her dark brown eyes to his with a serious wistful expression, her lips parted as if she would speak.

"My sweet saint," said Esdaile, half smiling, "do you think me very hard?"

"Oh, no! I wasn't thinking in that way at all, but of Mrs. Gifford—when she said 'Good-bye' to me—the way she said it,—or rather, she only held my hand and was silent. She may be pushing and self seeking, she may have seemed kind to me for her own ends, but I felt so sorry for her that day—I don't know why exactly. You must pity her a little, Derek."

"If she has your pity, she can do without mine," replied Esdaile. "I won't deny any one good quality she may possess, and she must, unless she were stone, have some affection for you. Give her all the pity you like, and I will follow suit if you bid me, but she must keep her place. Never mind her now; go and sing to me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates ever. He in whom the love of repose predominates, will accept the first creed, the first philosophy. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation, but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings and afloat. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being.

Bric-a-Brac.

KISSING.—Japanese girls do not kiss each other, nor do parents ever kiss or embrace their children. They bow, kneel, smile, and utter polite phrases with downcast or averted eyes and bent head, and are content with this sort of conventional expression of affection.

EYES.—Artificial eyes were first made in Egypt. They were of gold and silver, and subsequently of copper and ivory. Hundreds of years later, in the sixteenth century, when they were made in Europe, porcelain was the substance used, and the maker usually stamped his address on the white of the eye.

LESS THAN A FARTHING.—The smallest coin now current in Europe, and the one having the least value, is the Greek lepton. The lepton is, according to the decimal monetary system, current money in all countries belonging to the Latin union. Some idea of this valueless little disc of copper may be gathered from the fact that the lepton is the one-hundredth part of a drachma. The Greek drachma usually passes for the same value that a franc piece does.

THE BIBLE.—An old custom still observed in many households is opening the Bible after breakfast on New Year's Day. The Holy Book is laid unopened on the table, and those who wish to consult it, open it in succession at random and in perfect silence. The inquirer places a finger on any verse contained in the two open pages, but without seeing its contents. The verse is then read aloud, and from it the assembly draw their conclusions or guidance for the coming year.

AN UNDERGROUND CITY.—There is an underground city in Central Asia, supposed to have been built before the Christian era, as effigies, inscriptions, and designs found among the ruins date it back to two centuries before the birth of Christ. The city is composed of long corridors, streets, and squares, surrounded by houses and buildings, some two or three stories in height; and by the beautiful symmetry of the streets and squares, and other indications, it is evident that the inhabitants of this old world city had arrived at a high degree of civilisation.

ONE WAY TO BREAK GLASS.—It is scarcely credible, but it is a fact, that a glass can be broken by the voice. If you strike a thin wine glass while you hold it by the stem it will emit a certain note—in most cases a pretty deep one. On approaching the glass rapidly to your mouth and shouting into it the same note as loudly as possible, the vibrations of the glass being thereby extended, it will be shivered into fragments. This used to be a favorite experiment of Labiache, the renowned singer, who would thus break, one after the other, as many glasses as were handed to him.

IN LIEU OF SOAP.—There are several trees and plants in the world whose berries, juice or bark, are as good to wash with as real soap. In the West Indian islands and in South America grows a tree whose fruit makes an excellent lather and is used in washing clothes. The bark of the tree which grows in Peru, and of another which grows in the Malay Islands, yields a fine soap. The common soapwort, which is indigenous to England, is so full of saponine that simply rubbing the leaves together in water produces a soapy later.

HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD.—The introduction of sugar into England is often dated as late as the fifteenth century; but it was really in use there in the thirteenth. "Zucre" is mentioned under date of 1248. Later we read of rose and violet sugar in tables and in gilded wafers. When Princess Mary went on a pilgrimage to Canterbury, in 1317, she consoled herself for any trials she may have endured on the road with several pounds of sugar tablets and rose sugar of honey. Other ancient sweetmeats were preserved ginger and citron candy.

A HORSE WEEPING.—It is said there is an authenticated account of a horse weeping during the Crimean war. During an advance on a battery, a company of men and horses were almost entirely destroyed, men and beasts going down in one awful mass. A single horse, which had escaped unhurt, was found standing close to an object on the ground, which was found to be the body of his dead master. When a trooper was sent to bring the animal in, it was found with the tears streaming from its eyes, and only by main force could it be dragged away from its master's body.

THE SERE AND YELLOW.

BY A. M. B.

A white-hair'd man, a wrinkled dame, and down the hill they go,
Still heart with heart, and hand in hand, Though Winter's kindly snow
Hath frosted brow, some sunshine yet may gild their mellow years,
Some joys be left, some griefs make flow the well of hidden tears.

She loved him, may be, not so well, when they where youth and maid;
More tenderly the ivy clings around the trunk decayed;
Though seared may be the loving heart and weak the once firm will,
Sweet scent of roses dead and gone hangs o'er the ruin still.

Oh picture fair—God grant, not rare! All honor to the twain,
Who safe in harbor rest, and fight life's battle o'er again;
Who wish no single page unwrit, since joys and sorrows here,
Shared and divided, do but make the sharer doubly dear.

Yes! Honor be to silver'd heads, for on an aged brow
There rests a crown more fair than that to which earth's countries bow;
The crown of battle fought and won, the palm of earnest strife,
The calm pure smile of hope serene that waits a better life!

MARRED BY FATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC."

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONCLUDED.)

GLAVE thought a moment. "You might go almost at once," he said. "I'd better write a line over first. By-the-way, you haven't spoken to anyone else of this resolve of yours?"

"No," said Bruce. "Why, I only thought of it last night. I've spoken to no one."

"I think I wouldn't," said Glave, thoughtfully; "for one thing it might come to nothing, and then a man looks some kind of an idiot, as if he'd been vaporing; and for another, I take it you'd like to slip off quietly without sending a P. P. C. card round to your creditors." He glanced sideways at Bruce.

At another time Bruce would have resented the suggestion promptly enough, but to-night he was cloudy and reckless, and he merely laughed sardonically.

"They'll get paid some time or other, and somehow," he said; "though when or how, I'm banged if I know."

"That's all right," said Glave, soothingly. "What are you going to do to-morrow?" he asked, as Bruce fumbled for his latch key. Bruce shrugged his shoulders.

"Anything you like," he said, carelessly.

"Dine with me at the Mohawks'," suggested Glave.

Now, the Mohawks' is notoriously the fastest club in London, and an evening spent within its walls is never anything but an exceedingly warm one.

Bruce had not been there for years, and would have declined if he had been himself; but he accepted with the indifference which indicated his state of mind, and Glave walked off satisfied.

They dined at the Mohawks', and, as before, Glave was was Bruce's shadow. After dinner there was music, a professional banged away on the piano, and other professionals sang comic songs of the Music Hall type.

There was much laughter, the talking was loud and incessant, the wine circulated freely and rapidly. Of course, there were cards, and the play ran high; Bruce lost all he had won on the preceding day, and more at the back of it. He had laughed and drunk with the rest of them and he seemed quite indifferent to his bad luck, and to the fact that the company was, to put it charitably, rather mixed.

As on the preceding night Glave watched and studied him closely, and once or twice he imitated Bruce's manner and his voice, and succeeded in producing a very fair copy of them.

Everybody was, of course, too excited and too engaged to notice the imitation, and it passed unobserved.

He did not offer to go home that night with Bruce—it would have looked too conspicuous an attention, and too frequent—but the next morning he went round to Bruce's rooms.

Bruce was sitting in an easy chair, smoking moodily. Strong as he was, the incessant dissipation was beginning to tell upon him; his face looked drawn and haggard, his usually bright eyes dull and heavy.

"How are you?" said Glave, dropping into a chair opposite Bruce. "I got some news, and I thought I'd come round and tell you; and I was half afraid you wouldn't be up."

"I was up early," said Bruce. "Couldn't sleep." He rang the bell for soda and whisky, and pushed the cigars and cigarettes towards his visitor. "What is it?"

Mr. Glave took a cigarette and lighted it carefully before he replied.

"I've written to my friend, and told him to expect you. I see by the papers that they're likely to have trouble over there, and I should think, if you went out in about a fortnight, you'd be just in time to join in the spree.

"There's a vessel leaves in about that time, and, if you like, I'll book you a berth; and while I'm about it, I may as well see to your outfit."

Bruce looked rather surprised at Mr. Glave's readiness to take trouble, and Glave, catching the look, hastened to add—

"I know a man who's been over there, and is well up in the business."

"All right," said Bruce. "Thanks very much. You're taking a lot of trouble for me, Glave, and I'm infinitely obliged to you."

"Oh, that's all right," said Glave. "But, to tell the truth, I'm not so disinterested as I seem. The fact is, you can do me a service if you care to, Ravenhurst!"

"Can I?" said Bruce, with some surprise. "What is it? I shall be very glad to do anything for you, after all you have done for me."

"Well, it's this way," said Glave. "I do a little on the Stock Exchange now and again, and I'm under the impression that there's a lot of money to be made in African shares by anyone who is in the know. Now, you'll be over there presently, right in the thick of it, and if you wouldn't mind dropping me a line and giving me a hint of any good thing that turns up, why, the tip would be extremely useful."

"Of course, I will," said Bruce. "I haven't forgotten the way in which you saved me over Starlight."

"Oh, that was nothing," said Glave modestly.

As he spoke, he reached for his whisky and soda, and, unfortunately, knocked over the glass. Some of its contents went on to Bruce's coat.

Glave apologized profusely.

"Deuced awkward of me," he said. "Can't think how I came to do it! I'm afraid I've spoilt that coat of yours, Ravenhurst?"

"It doesn't matter," said Bruce, rather irritably and impatiently.

"Sorry!" said Glave. "Nice coat, too. I've just been admiring that suit. You always get the proper thing. Don't know how you manage it; but some men have the knack of dressing well."

Now, it has been stated that Mr. Glave was one of the best dressed men of his set.

"I don't manage it at all," said Bruce, wearily and indifferently. "Goodman's people generally send what they like; or I leave it to my man."

Glave got the information he wanted.

"Well, that suit does Goodman credit," he said. Then he changed the subject to horses, and offered to be of assistance to Bruce in the disposal of his lot.

"By-the-way," he said; "you used to have a big chestnut, an Irish horse, I think?"

"No, it's a bay," said Bruce, absently.

"Ah yes, bay," continued Glave. "I remember. I think that might suit me, if you don't want too much for it."

"You can have it at your own price," said Bruce. "I've turned it out at the farm, at Elford; there's nothing the matter with it, but it wanted a little rest."

"Elford! Where's that?" asked Glave, though he knew very well where it was, and that the horse was there.

Bruce told him. "You can go down and look at it," he said.

"Thanks," said Glave. "Look here, perhaps you'd run down with me? It would be an outing."

"Very well," assented Bruce. "When you like."

"I'll let you know," said Glave. "Are you going to that supper party of Hawkesley's to-night?" he asked, as he rose to go.

"No, I think not," replied Bruce.

"You accepted last night," Glave reminded him, casually.

"Did I?" said Bruce. "Oh, well then I'll go."

"I shall meet you there then," said Glave. "So long!"

From Bruce's rooms he went straight to Goodman, the tailor. He had had some clothes made there, and there was no reason why he should not have some more. Goodman himself received him with the respect due to a customer who, strange to say, had paid his account promptly.

Mr. Glave appeared to be rather particular that morning and hard to please, and got himself surrounded by multitudinous bundles and patterns.

He hesitated for quite a long while between to checks, suitable for a morning suit, but at last he fixed upon one, and, strange to say, the check he chose was identical with that which Bruce was that moment wearing.

From the tailor's Mr. Glave went to a well-known theatrical wig maker's near Covent Garden.

He was known there also, for, as has been stated, Mr. Glave was an admirable actor, and given to private theatricals.

"I am going to play in a little thing of my own, Markson," he said, to the famous wig maker. "It's a walking-gentleman, light-comedy part, and I'm rather particular about the wig. I want a good one, not the usual stagey thing, you know, but a first-rate, natural affair."

Markson was all attention. "We'd better make it for you, sir," he said.

"Yes," assented Glave; and he proceeded to give a detailed description of what he wanted.

"Dark chestnut," said Mr. Markson, making notes; "with just a touch of gold in it; short, with a wave. I think I know what you want, sir."

"Dear me, I'd almost forgotten it," said Glave; "I've got a sketch of it in my pocket."

He produced a water-color drawing of face which was not like Bruce's but the hair, in its color and arrangement, was an accurate likeness.

Mr. Markson was delighted. "Ah, sir, if all amateurs took the trouble you do, they wouldn't make such awful mistakes. You ought to have been on the stage, Mr. Glave; you ought indeed!" he added, shaking his head impressively.

Mr. Glave laughed. "I've been told that before, Markson," he said; "but, fortunately for me, I'm not such a fool as to believe it. Yet let me have that wig and the moustache to match at once, will you. And, look here," he added, as if by an afterthought; "don't go and talk about it to everybody, or show the thing round."

Mr. Markson was shocked at the mere idea.

"That's all right," said Mr. Glave, and, with a smiling nod, he took his departure.

CHAPTER XX.

THAT evening was another "warm one;" in fact, it was a repetition of those which Bruce had spent since he left Jess, and dashed up to London to drown his trouble.

His friends were beginning to notice his conduct and his manner, and little Lord Oswald, getting anxious about his hero, ventured to say a word.

"Anything gone wrong, Bruce?" asked the lad when, late in the evening, they found themselves in a somewhat quiet corner, and able to make themselves heard above the racket of laughter and comic songs.

"No," said Bruce, rather curtly; "What should have gone wrong? Why do you ask?"

"Well, I thought you were going it rather fast," said Ossie. "I've never seen you stretch yourself like this before, and I thought perhaps something had happened to rile you."

Bruce laughed shortly, that mirthless, mocking laugh which is so eloquent of the heart's bitterness.

"Why shouldn't a man amuse himself as he likes?" he asked, looking, not at Ossie, but round the room, with restless, bloodshot eyes. "And a man can't be expected to be a saint all his days. Life's short enough. We've a right to make it merry, if we can."

"That sounded like that bounder, Glave," said Ossie, in a low voice. "The fellow's always hanging about you now, Bruce. Why?"

Bruce glanced at Ossie, and laughed again.

"Glave's a better fellow than most," he said. "And no worse a bounder than many. He's good-natured, and— For God's sake, don't preach to me, my dear boy," he broke off; then, at the sight of the surprise and pain in the boy's face, he relented and softened for a moment.

"Let me alone, Ossie; I'm in one of my black fits, and no more safe to handle than a mad dog. Go and play or sing."

Lord Oswald Desmond played like a musician, and sang like a nightingale. He rose, and almost fought his way across to the piano, hoping that the music might soften his friend's at present remarkably savage breast, and he chose the most plaintive ditty in his repertoire.

Unfortunately, it happened to be "Robin Adair," the song Jess had sung at the Castle. Bruce could see her, hear her. He stood it till the middle of the second verse, then he sprang to his feet, his face white, his eyes furious.

"For God's sake, stop that wailing, Ossie!" he said. "Sing us something cheerful!"

The boy flushed and turned pale, and broke into "'E don't know where 'e are." The other men stared at Bruce, then quickly looked aside and laughed uneasily.

"Ravenhurst's going it," said one. "What's the matter with him? Looks as mad as a hatter!"

Glave worked his way gradually round to Bruce, and quietly signed to a servant to bring some champagne. But Bruce put it aside, and went up to his host, and said "good-night."

Glave followed him to the door, but there was a look in Bruce's face which forbade any offer of company. Glave saw that his hand shook as he took his hat.

"Confound him!" he thought; "I shall have him ill, if I don't mind, and not able to start."

"I fancy you've got a cold, Ravenhurst," he said. "I should lay up to-morrow—gruel and beef-tea, and that sort of thing."

Bruce laughed as he had laughed to Ossie.

"Thanks!" he said, shortly. "Good-night," and he strode off.

As he went down St. James' Street a carriage came towards him. Lady Marvelle was in it, and Bruce happening to pass under a gas-lamp at the moment, the old lady saw him.

She uttered a cry of consternation and anxiety, and, hastily letting down the window, called to him. Bruce heard his name, and turned his face, so that she could see quite plainly the terrible change in him.

He started and looked at her, seemed about to go to her, then, biting his lip and shaking his head, raised his hat and strode on again.

Before Lady Marvelle could stop the carriage, he had turned the corner, and she dropped back, trembling, and with clasped hands.

She guessed in a moment what was going on, for she knew the Clansmere temperament too well. Bruce was trying to forget the sweet little girl whose father had forbidden her to marry him!

Some few days later, Mr. Glave went round to 86, Gardenia street, and inquired for Miss Blunt.

The rather smudgy servant informed him that her mistress was out, but that she was expected home directly.

"All right," said Mr. Glave; "I'll wait."

He had a Gladstone bag in his hand, and he carried it upstairs to the cheap and vulgar sitting room, looked round inquiringly, then hid it behind a sofa in the inner room, to which he had retreated when Bruce had called the night Glave and Deborah were drinking gin and water.

Then he came back to the other room, got the easiest chair, lit a cigarette, opened a bottle of champagne, and made himself comfortable. In about a quarter of an hour Deborah came in.

She was gorgeously dressed, with a too fashionable hat and too large a feather, and looked more aggressively handsome and conspicuously superb than ever.

"Hallo!" she said. "So you're here! Make yourself at home," she added, with good-humored sarcasm, as she removed her outdoor things, and flung them, in her untidy way, upon a chair.

"I thought you'd forgotten my existence, or that you'd decided to desert an old friend now she's down on her luck."

"I never desert a friend, old or young, my dear Deborah!" said Mr. Glave. "Have a cigarette and a glass of wine."

She helped herself to both, and reclined on the sofa in her favorite attitude.

"Have you brought any news?" she asked; "or have you forgotten all about my little affair? I've taken your advice, and kept quiet; but I'm more than half inclined to think that I've been a fool to do so, and that I should get a lot more out of him if I took Bruce into the Divorce Court."

"Don't you believe it!" said Mr. Glave. "Has he been here since that night he broke with you?"

"No," she said, moodily, "he hasn't; and I should say he wasn't likely to. I hear he's in town, and carrying on like the very dence!"

"He is," assented Mr. Glave, blandly; "like two deuces."

"What's that mean?" she asked, with a sneer. "I thought he was going to turn over a new leaf, and be a milk sop, so that to be fit to marry that sickly doll of his—that dairy maid, or whatever she is!"

Mr. Glave ignored the question for the moment.

"Have you heard from him?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied. "That is, I had a letter from his lawyers, with a kind of agreement—deed, or whatever you call it."

"Where is it?" he asked.

She nodded toward a cheap and nasty cabinet.

"In that drawer there."

Mr. Glave leaned out of his chair and took out the document. It was a short affair, on the usual blue foolscap, and it did not take him long to read it.

"Very satisfactory, eh, Deb?" he remarked.

"It isn't bad," she assented, grudgingly.

"No," said Mr. Glave. "I'm sure I don't know where he got the money from. He must have had a deuce of a trouble to raise it."

"I don't know, and I don't care!" she said. "He ought to have some trouble, and to suffer. And, now he's got rid of me, I suppose he'll marry this girl, and I shall be thrown aside like an old glove! I don't know what you meant the other night when you advised me to keep quiet and let him go—I'm half expecting you didn't mean anything."

Mr. Glave smiled.

"When's the marriage coming off?" she asked, biting at her cigarette.

"Not at all!" said Mr. Glave, quietly. "Never!"

She sat up, and stared at him with open mouth.

"What!"

"It isn't coming off at all," he said. "The match is broken off!"

"What!" she repeated, her face flushing. "Broken off—why?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Glave, coolly. "Either the young lady has jilted him, or her father and her people object to the match, or the money's turned out to be a myth. Something has happened, and the engagement is off."

"Then—then he's free again. Why doesn't he come back to me?"

Mr. Glave smiled.

"Well, the unpleasant fact is that Ravenhurst is in love with the young lady."

Her face grew dark.

"Yes," continued Mr. Glave, "he's about as far gone, my dear Deb, as a man can be, and so badly hit that, now the affair is off and he appears to have lost her, he has gone on the rampage. And I will say this for Ravenhurst, that when he does a thing he does it thoroughly—very thoroughly! I've seen a good many men on the burst, but I've never seen any fellow go the complete thing as completely as he is going it!"

She leant her chin on her hand, and stared at him, thoughtfully.

"He'll come back to me," she said, under her breath.

"I'm afraid not," said Mr. Glave, blandly. "The fact is, Lord Ravenhurst is going to leave the happy land of England for other and more adventurous climes."

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"I mean that he is going out to Africa, to join the Border force there, and try and get knocked on the head by a Zulu club, or riddled by a bullet; he's not particular which it is, as long as it's one or the other."

"He must be mad!" she said.

"He is, my dear Deb," assented Mr. Glave, cheerfully; "as mad as a March hare! And his friends would be fully justified in putting him into a straight waistcoat."

She lit another cigarette and puffed furiously.

"It's a pity the young lady's friends don't insist upon her marrying him, for its extremely probable that in a few short months she would be a widow. A widow, and Lady Ravenhurst—perhaps the Countess of Clansmere—without the incumbrance of a husband!"

"She must be a fool!" said Deborah, with volumes of contempt in her tone.

"You're right—she must be," assented Mr. Glave. "Now, you'd marry him like a shot—wouldn't you, Deb?"

"Wouldn't I?" she ejaculated.

"Yes," he went on, thoughtfully, eyeing her sideways, and with his hands folded behind his head.

"It's a thousand pities that you couldn't have persuaded him into marrying you. I fancy you might have lured him into it some time ago, if you'd been sharp enough."

"Well, I wasn't," she said, sullenly.

"No," slowly, dreamily; "you might have kept the marriage quiet and waited, even until he was out of the way. It would be very nice to be Viscountess Ravenhurst and future Countess of Clansmere—eh, Deb?"

She bit her lip and frowned at him angrily.

"What are you playing at?" she demanded. "Are you trying to get my dander up—sitting there, sneering and scoffing?"

"I'm not sneering, or scoffing, Deb," he said, in a low voice. "During these last few days I've been thinking over your case, and I've got a little idea, which I fancy will somewhat startle you.

"I confess it startled me rather. It's one of those ideas which amount to an inspiration—it's perfectly sublime in its audacity, and I tell you frankly, Deb, that I should not dream of communicating it to you if I did not know that you had the pluck of the demon."

"Thank you," she said. "But you're not far wrong. I was never wanting in pluck. I don't suppose you could startle me if you tried ever so hard."

"I fancy I shall startle you, though, Deb," he said.

"Try!" she said, between her teeth.

"I will. Sit tight, and hold on!"

He leant forward in his chair, and dropped his voice to a whisper.

"What should you say, Deb, if I could show you a way of becoming Lady Ravenhurst?"

"There's only one way," she responded. "And he wouldn't marry me especially now he's so completely gone on another woman."

Mr. Glave watched her with half-closed eyes.

"Supposing I were to show you a way of making yourself Lady Ravenhurst without marrying him?"

"I don't know what you mean—it isn't possible!" she said.

"That's just where my idea is so wonderful," he retorted; "if I could so fix it that without marrying him, you could stand up before the world, and say, 'I am Lady Ravenhurst!' and no one could contradict you or disprove it—"

"You must be mad!" she said. "It's impossible, I tell you!"

"Supposing you were able to produce proofs of your right to call yourself by that title, which not even the most incredulous could refuse to accept, what would you say?"

She had let her cigarette go out, and she gazed at him with widely open eyes.

"You're talking rubbish," she said. "There's no sense in it!"

He leant back, and went on, dreamily, as if he were speaking to himself—

"One day you go to a registrar's with a gentleman, and you say that you have come to be married. You have brought the necessary papers, and made all the necessary arrangements, and the registrar is bound to marry you, because, as I say, you have got all the things fixed properly.

"He asks your names. You say, 'Deborah Blunt, spinster;' the gentleman says, 'Bruce, Lord Ravenhurst.' The registrar performs the little ceremony. You sign the register, 'Deborah Blunt;' the gentleman signs, Bruce Strathfayre Killaine Ravenhurst.'

"The registrar hands you the marriage certificate, and, being a nice kind of gentleman, wishes you good luck and happiness. The gentleman pays the fees, and you and he walk off together, man and wife. And you are Lady Ravenhurst, the wife of Bruce Strathfayre Killaine Ravenhurst, son and heir of the great Earl of Clansmere.

"You're out of your mind, or drunk!" she exclaimed, with a short laugh.

Mr. Glave smoked in silence for a moment or two; then he went on, in the same slow, dreamy voice—

"It is a secret marriage, and you and your husband separate after a cosy little dinner. He goes his way, you go yours. His way is to Africa, your way is to 86, Gardenia Street, where you sit tight and wait.

"The odds are that your affectionate husband gets knocked on the head or shot, in that Heaven-forsaken land of diamonds and darkies; or perhaps he gets one of the large assortment of fevers which abound in that insalubrious clime. Anyway, he departs to the land of the blessed, and you are a disconsolate widow."

He paused and sipped his champagne.

"You would look rather fetching in the newest thing in widow's weeds, Deb! You put them all on, and go down to Ravenhurst, and throw your arms round the Earl of Clansmere's neck, and, 'I am poor Bruce's widow, and your daughter!' Tableau!"

"Out of your mind!" she said, in a low voice.

"There's a row, of course—a perfect shindy! They will say rude things, and demand proofs. You produce them—all the proper papers, marriage certificate. Registrar swears that he performed the ceremony and identifies the portrait of Lord Ravenhurst as that of the bridegroom.

"The Clansmeres have to acknowledge you, and take you to their aristocratic bosoms, or shunt you off with a spanking allowance. Either way your fortune's made, Deborah, my girl, and you call down blessings upon the head of the humble friend who helped you to Greatness.

He stopped and smiled at her through the smoke of his cigarette. She laughed, and jerked her head, contemptuously.

"You've been talking like a perfect idiot!" she said. "A pretty kind of fairy tale! And you reeled it off as if it was possible for it to come true! Why, you know, as well as I do, that he wouldn't marry me to save his life!"

"I know he wouldn't, Deborah," he assented, blandly. "But I assure you it isn't necessary."

"Not necessary! What rot you talk! How can he marry me and not marry me? I haven't the least notion of what you're driving at; and, what's more, I don't believe you have yourself; and I think it's playing it pretty low down to make game of a friend when she's down on her luck."

"I'm not making game of you, Deb," he said. "I'm aware that the thing must seem a puzzle to you—it was a puzzle to me until I had worked it out. But it's simple enough, if you've only the pluck and the cheek to do it."

"I've plenty of both, you know," she said. "Hurry up and explain, for you're wearing me to a pack-thread with your puzzles."

Mr. Glave rose and flung his cigarette in the grate.

"Wait here," he said. "Don't get off that sofa until—well, until you're obliged. Will you promise?"

"I promise," she said, with a contemptuous laugh. "Where are you going?" for he moved towards the other room.

He looked back over his shoulder, and smiled; then he passed behind the curtain and drew it closely over the doorway.

She lay full length on the sofa, frowning and gnawing softly at her lips, asking herself whether Mr. Henry Glave had any serious meaning and intention, or whether he was only playing with her, and resolving that if the latter proved to be the case, she would treat Mr. Glave to an exhibition of what she could do when she was in a really bad temper.

The minutes passed slowly; they seemed to drag themselves into hours as she moved to and fro impatiently, and with the restlessness of a wild animal constrained to remain quiet.

How long she remained fighting with her impatience she never knew, but, suddenly, the curtain was thrown back and a figure stood in the doorway, with the light of the lamp full upon it.

She sprang to her feet with an exclamation of amazement.

"Bruce!" she cried.

He smiled.

"Deborah!" said the voice of Bruce Ravenhurst.

"Why—how did you get in here? I must have been asleep! But I haven't—I know I haven't!" She looked round the room in incredulous amazement. "How did you come in? I never heard you; and I've been here all the time! And where's Glave—is he in there?"

"Mr. Glave has gone," said Bruce's voice.

She bit her lip, still looking at him with surprise and agitation.

"I am glad you've come, Bruce," she said.

Had he been behind that curtain all the time, and heard Glave's raving drivel? No; or he would not smile at her, and speak so pleasantly.

"I'm awfully glad you've come, Bruce," she repeated, with a little catch in her voice. "I've been looking out for you every day, and missed you dreadfully."

"Have you, Deb? It's pleasant to be missed!" was the response, with the old nod and short laugh.

"And—and you've come back for good, I hope, Bruce?" she said.

He nodded and laughed again.

"Why don't you come and kiss me?" she asked. "You needn't be afraid. I'm willing to let bygones be bygones, and don't bear any malice. Come and sit down."

He went towards her and kissed her.

"Why, what a smell of powder and paint!" she said.

"Yes," said—not the voice of Bruce Ravenhurst, but Mr. Henry Glave. "The smell of the grease-paint is the only weak thing in the affair."

She shrank back with a cry of horror.

"What!" she exclaimed. "Is it you, Bruce, or—Glave?"

Mr. Glave laughed.

"Not a bad make up, eh, Deb?"

A cry of horror broke from her parted lips again, and she recoiled until she leant against the wall, clutching at a chair for support, and staring at him with distended eyes, her face white to the lips.

It was Bruce himself—the same hair, the smile, the voice, the attitude. There was the scar on the left temple: the very clothes were Bruce's—she remembered the suit quite well.

It was impossible that it could be any other than Bruce! So perfect was the imitation of form and manner of voice, that even she, an actress, had been deceived, until Glave had spoken to her in his own voice.

The horror of the thing overmastered her; she flung up her arms as if to shut out the figure—the face—that was like Bruce's, and yet had the devilish smile which Mr. Glave wore now and again. A shudder ran through her, and she staggered and would have fallen if he had not sprung forward and caught her.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. GLAVE caught her just in time, and propped her up against the wall.

"Come, Deb!" he exhorted, "pull yourself together."

She fought against the faintness, and, with a long breath, choked back the hysterics which threatened her. Then she looked at him shrinkingly, fearfully, with the horror still lingering in her eyes, and her first words were:

"Get away from me! stand somewhere where I can't see you."

He drew back, and she dropped into a chair, wiping the cold sweat from her averted face.

"I thought you had more nerve!" he said, as he went behind her and turned the key in the door,

"Why—why didn't you tell me?" she gasped. "It was so sudden."

He smiled.

"I wanted to try my make-up on you; you see, I knew that if I could deceive you, I could deceive anyone, for no one knows Ravenhurst better than you do."

She stole a glance at him, and shuddered.

"And it is good, isn't it, eh, Deb?" he said with some pride. "I flatter myself that it's as good a make-up as even Tree or Irving could manage. Have another look at me, and get used to it. What there is to frighten you, I can't understand!"

"I—I don't know," she said. "It is—is as if he were dead, and you were his ghost!"

He laughed softly.

"Anyway, your emotion is a striking and convincing testimony to the success of my imitation. The voice was all right, Deb, eh?"

She shuddered.

"Yes; and the walk, and the scar, and —— You must be a devil!"

He smiled.

"And what do you think of my little plan?"

She was silent a moment. In truth, she could not quite get over the horror of this counterfeit presence, which mocked the reality so closely, so fiendishly.

"I—I don't know. What would happen if—if we were found out?"

He laughed.

"I'm not sure. Penal servitude, I daresay."

She started, and stared at him.

"I—I won't do it!" she gasped.

"Oh, yes, you will," he said, easily. "You're only afraid of being found out; isn't that it, Deb? Well, there is no chance of it."

"Why not?" she asked. "It seems to me that it would be impossible to carry it through without being discovered. It—it sounds like a plot in a silly novel."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME people's idea of contentment is to sit in the house and see others stuck in the mud.

THE GHOST.

BY S. U. W.

Why did you come from the dead, dead love,
To trouble my peace once more?
I scatter'd sweet flowers your grave above,
And I wept you very sore;
I buried you deep in my heart, and flowers
I scatter'd above your head;
And I wrote on the stone, "Here lie the hours
Of a summer-time that's dead."

Why do you come with your mournful eyes
Out of your grave again?
All life and death between us two lies,
And you stretch your hands in vain.
I cannot come to you where you stand,
And you may not reach me more—
Why do you stretch an imploring hand
From the ever-receding shore?

You have gone to the land that they call Too late,
Where the flowers all wither unblown,
Where winter in vain for spring doth wait,
And the fallows lie unsown;
And I cannot come to you there, dead love,
Tho' I were never so fain;
So why do you come from the dead, dead love,
To trouble my peace again?

Just a Freak.

BY T. G. L.

THE other night I played the impulsive fool once more, and it landed me in a bit of a bother.

We had tickets for the stalls in the theatre, to see one of Ibsen's plays.—"The Mutton Sausage," I think the thing was called; and fine silly bosh it was.

Not that the others went to see it. They couldn't or wouldn't go, after all. But it seemed such a sell to waste four tickets in that way, and so I went all by myself.

The fact is, I expected to see Ernie Grey there. Ernie and I were great chums at Eton, and it's awfully jolly to be going to the same college at Cambridge.

I positively yawned through that "Mutton Sausage." If it hadn't been for the smokes between the acts, I'd never have had the patience to sit it out, especially as Ernie wasn't to be seen anywhere. You never can rely on Ernie; that's the worst of him.

However, it came to an end at last, and I slipped into my cloak. There was rather a heavy crowd going out. I raised several acts of strong language from the dowagers because I trod on their trains. Serve them right, say I, for wearing such things.

When I was on the pavement, I hesitated. Was it, I asked myself, worth while trying to hunt up Randolph at his club? He'd stand me a soda and something if I could find him there; but, on the other hand, if I missed him the walk would be a horrid grind for nothing.

I was thinking it over like that, and standing close up to the door of a carriage, when I heard a fellow say almost in my ear, "Here he is, m' lady."

It was a footman, with what seemed to me a most lovely girl on his arm. I liked the curve of her cheeks immensely, and the action of her outstretched hand was also very taking.

What do you think happened next?

The lady tossed her cloak loose, pitched it over my shoulders, and said:

"You naughty boy, Raymond. Why didn't you stay to help me out?"

"I—really——" I began.

"Oh, don't make excuses. Jump in quickly and atone for it."

"Yes, sir," added the lackey behind me, "they're waiting for us to move."

The fellow not only gave me a leg up, so to speak, but he pushed me inside the carriage in a way I'd like to have boxed his long ears for.

Anyhow, there we were; her ladyship, whoever she was, and I, side by side, and the horses getting up steam every yard.

"Upon my word," I exclaimed, "there's some mistake——"

"No mistake at all, you selfish cousin," was the patronizing reply. "You did it on purpose. I haven't the least doubt you devoted yourself to following some pretty girl. But it was not chivalrous of you, Raymond, indeed it was not. So early in our acquaintanceship, too! Are all the boys at Eton like that?"

Well, this settled me again. Wasn't it a coincidence that her Raymond should be an Eton fellow? I wondered whose house he was in. But I didn't know of any fellow of the name of Raymond. Rather a nice name, Raymond.

"No," I said, "of course they aren't. We don't get any practice there."

Her ladyship laughed a silvery little laugh. I wished there was more light inside the carriage. As it was, she didn't turn her face towards me at all, but seemed to be looking straight before her. It was a trifle queer, though not anything like as queer as my situation.

"I didn't know you had so distinctly the making of a Lothario in you," she said.

"Nor I," I replied. "But might I inquire where we are going?"

"Going! Why home, of course. And when you have had a little supper you shall go on to your father's. You'd like some supper, Raymond?"

"Certainly I should, but——"

"Oh no, you needn't be alarmed. We won't give you any mutton sausage. Was that what you were going to say?"

"No, it was not," I answered indignantly.

"Tell me," said her ladyship, "did the characters look as foolish as their dialogue?"

"Well now, what did you think?" I retorted, naturally unwilling to give myself away.

"What should I know about their looks?" she asked quite mournfully.

"Why should you?"

"Raymond!"

She turned her face towards me at last, and the reproach in her expression made me feel that I was a brute.

"Do you forget things so soon?" she asked. "Do you forget that I am all but blind?"

Now that staggered me. I don't know whether I most hated myself or pitied her.

"I'm horribly sorry," I said. "But please let me explain matters to you, and afterwards you shall do just as you think best with me."

However, she would do no such thing. She put one of her pretty hands awkwardly toward my cheek and stroked it, and suddenly rattled into a criticism of "The Mutton Sausage" that lasted until the carriage stopped. Mr. Ibsen would not have liked to hear what she said about his play.

In the meantime, I pondered how to get out of the scrape I had got myself into.

Should I slip away by the off side of the carriage when it stopped, or should I first see this blind young lady into her house?

The matter was really decided for me, which was in a sense comforting, for I do hate to make up my mind to a thing.

We stopped. I fumbled at my door and couldn't get the handle to work.

Then the other door opened, and a 'Jeames' stood to attention by the step.

"Look after the cloak, Raymond," she said to me. "It is much too warm a night to have worn it."

"All right," I said, and that is how I came to follow her across the threshold of that house in Gloucester Palace.

"It's a case of supper here after all," I confided to myself, not altogether ill-pleased, and upon the whole somewhat pleasurably excited by the adventure.

A fellow doesn't come of an army stock, I suppose, without rather liking to put himself into a hole, just to see how he's going to get out of it.

* * * * * *

But I oughtn't to have been such a fool. The bungle had gone quite far enough, and it was like me not to have seen that it was so.

The house looked all right inside—as comfortable as could be; and I was just pulling myself together for a little more cheek when the man at the door set to and stared at me. He stared still more when her ladyship spoke.

"We can hardly expect the Earl in yet, I'm afraid, Raymond," she said.

"No?" said I.

That was when the lackey stared most. The worst of it was that our eyes clashed at the same moment.

He made a step forward—I knew what was coming, of course.

"If you please, m' lady, Mr. Raymond is not with you," said the fellow.

I was starting to tell her all about it, with ten thousand apologies and so on, when a young woman put in her oar—her ladyship's maid, as it happened.

"I beg your pardon, my lady," said the damsel, "but have you the diamond cloak clasp?"

As she looked as if she wanted it, I had thrown my companion's garment into her arms as soon as I saw her.

This wasn't all, either.

From the end of the corridor, on one side of the hall, a tall old gentleman with white hair appeared and, coming quickly towards us, asked "Eugenia" if she were tired, and then looked mighty stern at me.

I bowed my serenest, though I admit I felt queerish.

"No, Ward," said her ladyship to the maid, "I haven't got the clasp."

"Then it's lost, your ladyship," exclaimed the girl.

"Perhaps you have it, Raymond?" was her ladyship's retort, as she turned her dim eyes towards me.

"If your lordship will be kind enough to listen to me," I said, with a cold shiver down the back (for the Earl's expression was nasty), "I will try to explain how I come to be trespassing inside your lordship's house."

The Earl exchanged glances with the man, and the latter shut the door.

"Be so good as to follow me," he said.

"What is the matter?" inquired Lady Eugenia, looking about her pathetically.

"I fear your ladyship has been made a victim," said that fool of a maid. "He has been personating Mr. Raymond. He is a perfect stranger."

Eugenia screamed: a musical scream.

"I do assure you——" I exclaimed.

But the Earl interfered.

"I repeat, sir, that I will thank you to follow me," he said. "And you too, Carter."

"It was a just a freak," I murmured, when I was among the Earl's books, which had a frightfully depressing appearance.

"You, a stranger, have accompanied my daughter from the theatre; have dared to do so?" he inquired stormily.

"She made the mistake first," I said.

"What has that to do with it, sir?"

"I admit that I did wrong."

"Then there's the di'mond clasp, m' lord," observed the man, in a deferential whisper. What would I not have given for the liberty to punch his impertinent head! Anyhow, I turned on him sharply.

"Do you imply, you rascal," I demanded, "that I am a thief?"

The Earl shrugged his shoulders, and his lips looked malicious.

"At any rate, I must trouble you," he said, "to turn out your pockets. Afterwards I shall be more able to understand events."

I bit my lip, and said that my pockets were entirely at the service of the menial who pleased to examine them. For my part, I would not condescend to be even an accessory to my own exoneration.

"Do so, Carter," said the Earl.

We Talbots can look fierce on occasion, I've always understood. This was about the most encouraging opportunity for a little family spirit to show itself that I've ever enjoyed; and I feel sure I glared at the Earl while his man approached me, with fingers to the front.

The Earl met me straight. There was not much charity in his soul, I saw.

And now imagine my situation when, at the first plunge, so to speak, Carter pulled forth from my waistcoat pocket a small brooch affair sparkling with diamonds.

"Here it is, m'lord!" he said, triumphantly.

The Earl touched a hand-bell.

"How the mischief it came there is more than I can say!" I stammered.

"You need say nothing more," said the Earl. "Your explanation is due to the magistrate. I do not want to hear it. Fetch a policeman."

These last words were to the man who answered the bell.

"Take him away, Carter," this obliging Earl continued, "and give him into custody."

"Yes, m' lord," said Carter.

The fellow made as if he would touch me. This roused me again.

"If you or any of your class lay a hand on me I'll knock you down without more words," I said. "You may as well know it."

The Earl rang again.

That meant another man.

"But," I added, "I'll go quietly, my lord, to any police court you please. For it's absurd to suppose that Reginald Talbot, one of the Shropshire Talbots, let me inform you, is just a common-place thief. I've got myself into this mess by being civil to a lady when invited. As for the brooch, I don't know anything about it. And that's all I do know about it."

"You just come along without all this talk," said Carter.

The two fellows closed up to me. I set my shoulders back, held my nose up, and, with a parting glance at the white-haired Earl, marched. As I marched, I suddenly bubbled into mirth. It was really too good, you know.

* * * * * *

There was a little snuggery for the porter by the door. They took me there; "Jeames" himself turning out into the hall with his hands in his breeches pockets, to make way for us. He contemplated me jauntily, did "Jeames."

"You be advised, young man," said Carter to me, "and stop that larfin'."

I took a chair by the fire and laughed on, not altogether happily though. It occurred to me that Randolph and two or three other fellows might have gone home. In that case I should miss a good hand at "nap."

"Look here," I said, "I've left my card case behind, but I'll write down my address and give the man a sovereign who'll take a line there."

My two keepers looked from me to "Jeames" and then at each other.

"Anything else, young man?" asked Carter derisively.

"You're Walker, London, aren't you?" inquired the other, not without a certain admiration in his face that appealed to me.

"And you're a parcel of idiots," said I.

This caused a triple laugh. I was out of it.

"Nice specimen, aint he?" said "Jeames."

I fumbled into my pockets to feel if anything mysterious as well as a diamond clasp had found its way there. Only my cigarette case met my fingers. Instantly I yearned towards it.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" I asked. "Your policeman's a long time coming."

Carter said he was dashed. He looked it too, but quickly cooled down, and added—

"I like your smartness; I really can't help liking it. I'll answer any civil, natural sort of question you ask, but you can't smoke."

"Thank you, I'm sure," said I. "Then what's your master's name, first of all?"

"Lord Loughborough."

"Lord Loughborough, is it? Then Lord Loughborough's a——" Carter exclaimed.

"Hush!" "And you're another," I hastened to add.

The bell rang and the knocker knocked.

It was the policeman, a red faced individual, looking as they always do when they think they've a nice easy thing on.

"That's him," said the man with him, pointing at me. I had moved with my guards to see what was coming.

The fellow had handcuffs already. This fairly stirred my bile.

"I'll not have them on," I yelled. "I defy you or ten of you to put 'em on."

A couple of maidservants and another man showed in the hall. The scene interested them, I reckon. It would have interested me if I hadn't been principal character in it.

"Ketch him behind," whispered the dunderhead of a constable. But I had my back to the wall in next to no time.

"You 'ketch' me behind if you can!" I remarked.

The man who had been sent for the police made a rush at me. I shinned him badly. I also shinned the constable.

He was of the puffy sort, and bound not to stand much bustling. I resolved, now that my blood was warm, to let fly at them anyhow. I could have fancied I was in a bully at the old school.

And I did let fly at them, too. They came all together, with their arms out like waxwork figures. I just ducked and laid about me anywhere, but chiefly above the belt.

The policeman got it in the wind, and even Carter didn't come off scot free.

Never, I should think, did the Earl of Loughborough's town house behold such a shindy.

The fellows stood off after this first round, the policeman nursing his stomach and gasping (swearing, too, I'm afraid), and Carter and one of the "Jeameses" rubbed their legs.

One of the maids behind was laughing. I noticed that, and it cheered me.

And now out came the Earl again. What a face he had on, to be sure! Beerbohm Tree would have given a ten-pound note to see him.

"Gracious!" he cried.

"The villain defies us all, m'lord!" stuttered Carter, holding his right leg out stiffly.

"Yes, and he'll continue to!" said I. "I'm not going to be carried to a police cell like a lamb, I can tell you, Lord Loughborough."

You should have seen the Earl fume at this. I didn't care though. I wasn't caring for anything.

He strode towards us. "Strode" is the very word for it.

"Open the door at once!" he bellowed.

"It'll make no difference," I retorted.

The door was opened, and the brutes came at me again. I wasn't fully prepared, and this time they pinned me sure enough. A fellow of my age (getting on for nineteen) can't do much with a grown-

up man gripping each of his legs and arms.

"Now out with him!" ordered the Earl.

But it wasn't to be, after all.

Almost as soon as the door was opened a young spark came up and got one foot on the steps.

"Hullo!" said he, when he saw what was going on, "what's all this about?"

It was Giffard of Mason's, by all that was merciful!

"Say, Giffard!" I cried, "don't let these fellows make such a fool of me."

I'll not forget in a hurry how well he did it too. He rammed in and parted me from two of them. I shook off the other two by myself.

"Thanks, old man," I said, as I fell against one of the pillars of the Earl's porch.

In that moment it flashed to me; Giffard was the Lady Eugenia's Raymond.

"Do you know the Earl of Loughborough?" I asked him quickly.

"Rather," said he; "I'm his nephew. Come along in and let's hear all about it at once."

The servants gave way in fine style now, and the constable looked an ass. We had only the Earl to tackle.

Nor did his lordship waste time.

"Who is this young man, Raymond?" he inquired, frowning so that you would think his skin must be cut through.

"He's an Eton, uncle," said Giffard, "and the best 'long back' there is in the place."

I hate being flattered. That is why I immediately mentioned Cameron, Grant and Bentinck, whom some fellows think safer kicks than me.

"Rot!" said Giffard.

"It isn't for me to express a decided opinion," I continued. "I last, though, better than either of them."

The Earl ejaculated something that sounded extraordinarily like a rhyme to "ham." I vow he did. Both Giffard and I glanced at him reproachfully; more in sorrow than in anger, I imagine.

The servants all slunk out of sight. Only the red-faced constable was left. He looked uneasy. I suppose he had heard of the Earl of Loughborough's temper, which, his nephew tells me, is notorious.

"May I," inquired Giffard blandly, "ask Talbot inside, uncle?"

The policeman touched his knobby forehead to the Earl and rudely interfered with a question of his own.

"I suppose I'm not wanted any more, your ladyship?" he said.

"Go, you fool!" replied the Earl.

Giffard was beginning a second time, but I cut him short.

"My dear fellow," I remarked "the Earl of Loughborough might say 'Yes;' but I have a voice in the matter also. It's getting late. I don't feel like going inside again, many thanks."

Giffard lurched one shoulder.

"Then that settles it. I'll stroll down the street with you, if you don't mind."

"Do," said I.

I asked the Earl's pardon as I crossed his threshold for a moment to pick up my hat, which had got mauled above a little; and then, with a bow and nothing more, I turned my back on that inhospitable mansion.

It was really too funny for anything to see how the Earl of Loughborough stood rigid and silent while we strolled off.

Then I told Giffard everything, and didn't he roar!

It was not altogether a laughable affair; nevertheless, I tried to snigger a little on my own account.

We stood backs against a lamp-post to see if there was anything to choose between us in height. There was nothing. My voice too is much in the same key (I believe they call it that) as Giffard's.

"Oh, yes, there's every excuse for my poor cousin Eugenia," Gifford was agreeable enough to say.

"Any for me, too?"

"None, old man; none at all. And it's a heaven's blessing for you I chanced to have spent the day in Gloucester Place. Take warning and look sharp that the next lady not of your acquaintance, whose cloak you carry, doesn't have a valuable trinket to it ready to drop into your waistcoat pocket."

After that well-turned sentence, I said "Good night" to Giffard, having sworn him to secrecy about the adventure.

But he went back on his oath the next day. That is why I'm at such pains to tell the story in an unvarnished form.

As I expected, when I got home, I was too late for anything. They had all gone to bed except Randolph, and he was so grumpy that I couldn't stand five minutes of him. Wanted to know why I hadn't turned up an hour or two sooner. Wish I had, that's all.

With Penalties.—It seems to be an indisputable fact that the rapid advance during the last fifty years in what we are pleased to call civilization is steadily bearing fruit, in a rich crop of new diseases of the body and disorders of the mind.

As fast as the progress in medical, as well as general, science enables us to combat, and often conquer, the old diseases, the habits and conditions of modern life seem to give birth to new and undreamed-of maladies.

Railway traveling is responsible for frequent cases of nervous debility and exhaustion.

Cycling is a boon that we could ill dispense with, yet there is a distinct danger of the rider acquiring a bad style, and developing that ugly deformity known as the "cyclist's back."

Even typewriting has produced a new complaint that is sometimes called the "typist's disease."

The operator, in consequence of overstrain and long application in spelling out words over the keyboard, gets attacks of a kind of temporary mental paralysis, which renders work absolutely impossible.

Two new diseases have recently been added to the list of those arising from the conditions of modern life. The first is a malady associated with foot ball.

It is known as "scrumpox," and is an infection that is liable to be transmitted through the abrasions which rough jerseys are apt to cause on the faces of players during "scrimmages."

When it once breaks out it seems that the most careful precautions have to be taken for the disinfection of jerseys and the avoidance of abrasions.

The other complaint is known by the name of "golf arm." This disease is not to be lightly dismissed. It appears to be due "to the repeated sudden and whip-like contractions of the triceps, bruising the musculo-spinal nerve."

According to Their Birth Month.—A certain statistician has for several years been studying the birthdays of illustrious men, with the object of proving that the winter months, which produce the smaller proportion of the population of the world, are those in which by far the greater number of illustrious men are born.

By winter months he designates November to April inclusive, the others being assigned to summer.

He has now hunted up the birthdays of some 40,000 persons, and claims to have discovered ample proof of his theory.

In order to ensure an entirely impartial selection of names, he was assisted by a committee of well-informed people.

The biographical sketch of a given person was read and the committee decided upon it without knowing the day or month of birth.

This was done to prevent any attempt, intentional or otherwise, at favoring the winter months.

Furthermore, our authority declares that whenever there was a doubt or difference in the committee as to the proper rating of a man, the summer months were favored.

In the end, the middle of the winter division—the months of January and February—are said to have produced by far the greatest number of illustrious men, while the months of July and August, diametrically opposite in the cycle, have produced the smallest number.

The respective porportions for summer and winter are given as 24.5 and 75.5 per cent. respectively. Consequently anybody wishing to make a stir in the world, should take care to be born during the winter, and especially in February, the month which has produced the most illustrious men.

He would then make his entry into life under conditions best adapted for physical, mental and moral development. Incidentally it was found during these investigations that less than one per cent. of the illustrious men whose birthdays had been traced were descended from noble families.

In His Own Coin.—Not many months ago, in the fashionable quarter of a certain large town there were two vacant plots where two houses now stand. The owner of one of the plots decided to build. When the walls of the new dwelling were nearly completed, the owner of the adjoining piece of ground decided to follow his example.

He employed a surveyor to stake out the house. The surveyor descovered that the walls of the house in course of erection on the other plot extended just one inch over the property line, and informed his employer of the fact. The latter immediately communicated with the owner of the property, demanding an exorbitant sum for the ground thus appropriated.

The owner of plot No. 1 did not prove a complacent victim to the extortion. He at once gave orders to have the offending wall torn down and rebuilt.

The other man, rather disappointed at being the victim of his own avarice, proceeded with the erection of the second house, building his wall close against that of the other.

When the second house was completed the owner moved in. A few days afterwards he was dumbfounded to receive a notice similar to the one he had sent out himself, demanding the same amount as he had named, the reason stated, being that "the walls of the house you have just completed and are now occupying extend one inch over the property line on my property."

He employed a surveyor again and found that the statement was only too true. What had happened was this:

The owner of the first offending wall, when he had had it torn down, had deliberately caused the wall to be rebuilt one inch on his own side of the line, realising that the second house would probably be built close against the first.

There was a choice of two things for the owner of plot No. 2 to do—either to move out of the house in which he had just got settled, and have it rebuilt, or to pay the amount demanded. As he had set the price himself, he felt that there was little use in taking it to the courts. He accordingly paid, and received a deed for one inch of land.

Preserve Your Eyes.—A well-known oculist says: "Don't read while you are traveling, but if you will read let it be books or newspapers with the largest type you can get hold of.

Reading in a railway car in motion is also much easier and less injurious if a large card or an envelope be held just under each line you are reading, and moved down as each line is read.

"The use of tinted writing paper is very beneficial to the eyes, but the colors chosen, should be grey, neutral tint, or bluish green: reddish brown, pink, yellow or strongly yellowish green should be avoided.

Those who suffer in any way from impaired vision and have much writing to do should use the typewriter.

"The writer can lean back in a chair, and change from one position to another without ceasing work, and there is none of the cramping effects upon different sets of muscles inseparable from ordinary writing."

Looking for any length of time through wire gauze blinds is injurious to the sight. An oculist tells of a police detective who came to him with his eyes in a shocking condition.

He had nearly blinded himself by looking through such blinds for several weeks together. Ladies' veils, too, when thick, frequently injure the sight, especially when of the dot pattern.

The desirability of keeping the eyes cool is urged. It is a good plan to bathe the eyes, closed, every morning with moderately cold water. This tends to strengthen and preserve the sight.

Her Majesty's Chaise.—The donkey chaise in which the Queen of England has of late years taken her exercise is a low basket-work phaeton, easy to get in and out of, with a broad, comfortable seat.

There is a top which can be raised if the sun is too warm. Usually, however, the top is down and her Majesty shades her eyes with a parasol.

A curving dashboard acts as a bulwark against any possible onslaught of the donkey's heels. In case he should so far forget himself.

As anyone who has had experience of donkeys are aware, this is a precaution which is advisable no matter how sweet tempered the animal may seem.

When the Queen goes out driving she holds the reins loosely in one hand, but this is a purely perfunctory performance. A trusty groom walks by the donkey's head, and with a leading rein guides the animal according to the Queen's dictations. By the side of the phaeton walk two Highland attendants. They carry shawls and the Queen's bottle of salts, without which she never goes out.

Bringing prayers closer together is very apt to put sins farther apart.

Scientific and Useful.

Aching.—Essence of peppermint, applied with the finger tips over the seat of pain, often gives relief in headache, toothache, or neuralgic pain in any part of the body. Care must be taken not to put it directly under the eye, on account of the smarting it would cause.

To the North.—It is doubtful if any particular benefit is derived from sleeping with the head to the north. It has, however, been asserted by nervous people that a difference was noticeable in their temper and composure with changes of sleeping position with regard to the magnetic polarity of the earth.

Glue.—To make an impermeable glue soak ordinary glue in water, until it softens, and remove it before it has lost its form. After this, dissolve it in linseed oil over a slight fire until it is brought to the consistence of a jelly. This glass may be used for joining any kinds of material. In addition to strength and hardness, it has the advantage of resisting the action of water.

The Menotherm.—A simple apparatus, called the "Menotherm," has been devised, for applying steady and continuous heat to any part of the surface of the body, where it is required for medical purposes. It consists of a flat rubber and connected to a small copper cylinder or heater by two rubber tubes, the whole being filled with water, and hermetically sealed. In use, the cylinder is placed in a can of water over a lamp. The water in the cylinder is thus heated and caused to circulate through the pad, the temperature being regulated by the height of the lamp flame.

A Luminous Cat.—Those who now tolerate mice or rats in or about the house will be glad to know that a luminous cat, which costs very little to secure, and nothing to keep, can be devised. It should be placed in any dark corner or nook, and it will effectually scare away all such pests. This cat is struck or stamped from sheet metal or other like material, so as to represent in appearance the exact counterpart of its animated feline sister. It is painted over with phosphorous, so that it shines in the dark like a cat of flame. After being used for about a week, the place is for ever free of either mice or rats.

Farm and Garden.

Wheat and Eggs.—It is claimed that great as is our annual wheat crop it does not exceed the production of poultry and eggs. This is due to the fact that millions of dollars' worth of poultry and eggs are produced in the suburbs of towns and villages, as well as on the farms.

Feed and Animals.—The correct plan for general farming, says an agriculturist, is to raise feed, and the animals to eat it. After this raise anything which a careful study of the markets indicates can be sold at a profit. In this latter department good, sound judgment and all the information available is demanded. Every farmer who pursues this system intelligently will prosper.

Sheep and Wool.—Sheep herding and wool producing interests are among the oldest and most honorable of agricultural employments and can still supply more readily than almost any other calling the ever present needs of food and clothing for a prosperous and civilized people. Everything now looks toward encouraging the raising of sheep and the production of wool.

Fowls.—If making a specialty of eggs for table use, keep all the early pullets you have room for and get them in a good laying condition before winter comes. Let the nests be in a dark place. The hens like it better and are less liable to acquire the habit of egg eating. So far as is possible in making the poultry house arrange it so that it will face the south or southeast and have plenty of light.

A Run down Farm.—When one buys a rundown farm at a low price he must expect to expend quite a sum before the farm will begin to pay. In the hands of an intelligent farmer such a farm may be made first-class in a few years, but the farmer who aims to make a poor farm pay by taking crops from it without any expenditure for plant food will only make himself and the land poorer.

Disease and death often lurk in a continuously neglected cold, when it might be speedily eradicated with a few doses of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. Regulate your bowels with Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills.

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On Strangeness.

By strangeness we mean that sense of unfamiliarity, of being a stranger, which causes people in new circumstances to be readily nonplussed, uneasy, out of gear, or, it may be, at the worst, almost paralyzed. Nearly everybody must at some time or other have felt in some degree this awkward consciousness of the unusual. If any one has escaped it will probably be because he has lived so exceedingly quiet a life that he has missed the friction of change. He would certainly have felt the discomforts of strangeness if he had challenged a wider experience.

Nobody who mixes with many classes of society under widely differing conditions, however clever he may be in adapting himself to his company, can avoid occasionally feeling out of sympathy with his surroundings, isolated, unmagnetic. Before he can be entirely himself he must get used to the new conditions under which he is living. This is, of course, only a passing phase of life; but, as it comes to every one, it must make up in the aggregate a large total of distasteful experience, and therefore is worth some examination.

This sense of strangeness is well-nigh universal if the proper conditions arise, because there are a vast number of people who trouble themselves quite unnecessarily and are beyond reason miserable if they feel a little out of place.

The deepest depths of strangeness are sounded in that curious phenomenon shyness. All who are associated with popular journalism know that there are in our midst tens of thousands of people who are constitutionally shy, and who dread their weakness and exaggerate it till it becomes a torture, and they write asking how it can be overcome. Shyness is no doubt to some extent a physical failing, and is due partly to want of practice in seeking fresh society.

Those who have not much natural boldness and self-confidence, and in addition do not frequently meet strangers in casual intercourse, or find themselves surrounded by new social conditions, are liable to be unduly affected by the sense of strangeness which everybody feels to some extent, and which may become, in their exceptional cases, quite a paralyzing shyness. Shy men or women are additionally hampered by the thought that they are foolish beyond all others of their kind. Of course it is a mistake. The strangeness which so disconcerts them is felt by multitudes who can put on a better show of indifference.

Take some instances. You meet the countryman—the comfortable farmer, say—in his own domain, in the midst of his sheep and cattle, or strolling along his footpaths to see how the crops are looking, and he is perfectly at home, fitting in admirably with his surroundings, able to talk to you at least as an equal, and possibly regarding you tolerantly as one who has barely a respectable knowledge of the most essential facts of outdoor life.

The farmer in the midst of his work—"on the land," as he would sweepingly term it—is a man of mark, a captain of industry, your superior in easy assurance. But take him away from his surroundings and place him in a city, abroad or at home, and see how that curious impalpable overmastering sense of strangeness will transform him. It will either turn him into an uneasy countryman, or make him aggressively demonstrative and defiantly at home.

Of course we are not denying that there are thousands of farmers who are quite as much at home in a fashionable street as in a stockyard; but we are taking the average, and by such a test you will be surprised to notice how the feeling of unusualness and isolation curbs and hampers a man. Gestures that were free and graceful become constrained and ugly in the new circumstances. Quite unsuspected weaknesses make their appearance. It is the self-consciousness of the man in his new surroundings that makes all the difference. He feels the strangeness acutely and shows it.

The ideal state of feeling which each of us should strive to attain when brought into contact with something new to our lives is to guard against shyness, to retain our susceptibility to all fresh influence, and, at the same time, to so school ourselves that what is unfamiliar is accepted without fuss and demonstration. The shyness that loses command of itself in face of the unexpected cannot avoid being held in some contempt. To be impervious, statuesque, unimpressionable is usually a stately way of being stupid. On the other hand, what can be more tiresome than to be always "enthusing" over new impressions? Self-possessed yet sensitive—that is the state of mind which is best fitted for carrying a man through new scenes and in the midst of unknown people.

To young people who are making fresh starts, in some perplexity because they do not feel at home in their new surroundings, we would say, "Do not rush too hastily past your first feelings of strangeness. While you are detached somewhat from your surroundings is the best time for making observations and for seeing many things in their true relations—things that will presently be obscured by custom. If you do feel shy and uneasy, that is natural amid new surroundings."

The young fellow who is perfectly self-possessed, confident, satisfied, able to at once take his bearings and proceed with his work without the slightest distrust, may be a practical genius, a masterly being; but the chances are that he is a rather shallow, unapprehensive, and conceited person.

Modesty which is attended by a certain degree of shyness is not only agreeable to the onlooker, but often accompanies genuine capacity, and marks a most useful willingness to listen and learn. A sense of strangeness, though never quite pleasant, and, if carried to shyness, become ridiculous, has its uses. It deepens impressions, cultivates sensitiveness, keeps us alert, and is an antidote to stagnation.

It is worth while that those who suffer whenever they feel themselves ill-at-ease should remember that there are manifest advantages in not being perfectly at home in some circles of society. The feeling of strangeness is a safeguard and, in a sense, a testimonial as to character. Take the hangers-on of a city, the riff-raff hungering for some one whom they can cheat who form the fringe of every great population, and consider what it would mean to be without the feeling of suspicious unfamiliarity in their presence.

Only those who have no knowledge of such people and are aware of it, and those who have complete knowledge of them, are quite safe. A little knowledge casting about to get more is the state of mind which the rogue finds most convenient for his purpose. The young man who apes being perfectly at home in company that he ought not to frequent is not to be congratulated on his freedom from a feeling of strangeness.

On the whole, then, the balance of advantage is with those who are not free from this sense which they regard as highly inconvenient. While positive shyness looks foolish and has no recommendations, the modesty that is not wholly free from self-consciousness often sits well upon a man and disarms criticism; whereas the bold, knowing, self-satisfied young fellow, who can never be taken aback, and is convinced of his ability to go anywhere and do anything, is all the while raising up critics who would not be sorry to see his confidence shaken.

Between the nervous fear which conjures up all sorts of difficulties and is paralysed by the unfamiliar and the rash assurance that knows no sense of strangeness there is the golden mean which is both attractive and safe, a modest sensitiveness which yet leaves a man in full command of all his powers.

NATURALLY we become sour and crabbed when we are not appreciated and when things go ill with us. To be misunderstood by friends, to suffer earthly losses, to be rebuked, or to be assailed is a trying experience, yet it need not, and should not, embitter us and make us testy, petulant, and cynical. Better to turn the face towards the sunshine and let in the rays of hope, love, kindness, and charity. This will cause a sweetness of soul that makes itself felt in word, feeling, and act.

THE lack of emotion, of enthusiasm, of desire can never be justly pleaded as an excuse for lack of action, for the latter, in all its details of duty, is at least within our power. If we cannot make ourselves feel, we can act as the feeling would dictate, and thus discharge our responsibility. But in so doing we shall have done the other also, perhaps unconsciously, but in the only effective way.

WHEN a man conquers his adversaries and his difficulties, it is not as if he had never encountered them. The power he gained in conquering them endures through all his future life. They are not only incidents in his past history, they are elements in all his present character. His victory is colored with the hard struggle that won it.

A LITTLE wrong, a trifling injustice, an insulting word, piquing our self-love and personal vanity, stirs us more effectually and interests us more really than the chances of being lost or saved. And yet we dream we are serving God.

YOU cannot tamper with the striking-movement of a clock without injuring it; and you cannot tamper with orderly recurrence of sleep without impairing the very constitution of things on which the orderly performance of that function depends.

IN all worldly things that a man pursues with the greatest eagerness imaginable, he finds not half the pleasure in the actual possession that he proposed to himself in the expectation of them.

THE world is shadowed or brightened by our own heart rather than by anything in itself. Our joy makes the cloudiest day glad, and our grief finds night in the sunset sky.

UNDEVIATING civility to those of inferior stations and courtesy to all are the emanations of a well-educated mind and finely-balanced feelings.

THERE is no one so innocent as not to be evil spoken of; there is no one so wicked as to merit all condemnation.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

A. Z.—If you mean the white margin or mounts of water-color pictures there is nothing better than stale bread-crumbs; a slice of bread should be crumbled on the surface, and the crumbs rubbed gently all over it with the palm of the hand, taking care that the latter is clean, and that the bread is free from grease.

BELLA R.—It occurs in Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake." It is spoken of Rhoderick Dhu and James Fitz James, as they were about getting into that deadly fight when

" Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed."

H. B.—The Prisoner of Chillon was Francois de Bonnevard, a Frenchman who resided at Geneva, and made himself obnoxious to Charles III., Duke of Savoy, who imprisoned him for six years in a dungeon of the Chateau de Chillon, at the east end of the Lake of Geneva; the "prisoner" was ultimately released by the Bernese, who were at war with Savoy; Byron's powerful and pathetic poem the "Prisoner of Chillon" is not historically accurate.

A. S. R.—The name of Cervantes' hero is usually pronnced as if it were an English word, just as it is spelt, Quix-ote being made a word of two syllables, with the accent on the first. As the name is Spanish, some very particular people insist on using the Spanish pronunciation, and so say Don Ke-ho-te, making the o of Don, and the final e long, and putting the accent on the syllable ho. The disadvantage of being so very accurate is that very few people will know of whom you are speaking.

C. L. M.—The three colors, red, blue, and yellow, never all appear in the same species of flowers; any two may exist, but never the third. Thus we have red and yellow roses, but no blue; red and blue verbenas, but no yellows; yellow and blue in the various members of the violet family, but no red. Other examples of this rigid law could be cited, but the above are sufficient. The botanist or floriculturist who really understands his business never attempts to produce a blue rose or a violet.

T. L. D.—To make a black writing-ink, take one ounce of galls, half an ounce of gum, half a drachm of cloves, half an ounce of sulphate of iron, and eight ounces of water; digest with frequent shaking till it has sufficient color; to make red writing-ink, take four ounces of best ground Brazil wood, a pint of diluted acetic acid, and half an ounce of alum; boil slowly in a covered tinned copper or enamelled saucepan for an hour; strain, add half an ounce of gum; blue ink may be made by diluting chemic or Saxon blue [sulphate of indigo] with water to the desired shade, then adding a little gum.

D. W.—Professions cannot be chosen with any propriety by strangers. We could only recommend that which is suitable for your talents, capital, constitution, and temperament. And how do you expect us to ascertain all these particulars? Even parents, relations, and familiar acquaintances are often mistaken in their judgment as to the suitability in such cases. How much more likely, then, would it be for a stranger to fall into error? You must consult your own talents, inclination and moral resolution, and after the choice is made, you will doubtless be more satisfied than if we had given you some haphazard advice upon such a momentous question.

P. B. T.—1. Cophetua is pronounced ko-fet-u a. It is the name of a mythical king of Africk, of great wealth, who fell in love with a beggar girl and married her. You will find the story versified by Tennyson in the "Beggar Maid." 2. Lethe is one of the five rivers of the lower regions. The word means "forgetfulness," and that is the sense in which it is used in the sentence quoted. 3. Hyperion is the name of the sun; a satyr was a demi-god, with the body of a man, the feet and legs of a goat, with short horns on his head, and his body covered with hair. The meaning of the comparison is obvious. 4. Nemesis is the Greek personification of retribution, or that punishment which sooner or later overtakes the offender. 5. Orpheus was a mythical Greek poet and musician, who is said to have charmed rocks, trees, wild beasts and the infernal powers by the music of the lyre. 6. Lear was a mythical king of Britain. Read Shakespeare's play of "King Lear."

COUNTRY.—The ancient Britons are said to have used acorns as food, and these in much later times have been ground up with peas and beans into flour, of which bread used formerly to be made; while acorns are still used as food by the peasantry of Southern Europe. The oaks with edible acorns are not, however, of the same species as the English oak; and the description which Virgil gives in the second book of his Georgics of the tree, the elevation of its top, the steadfastness of its root, and the greenness which triumphs over the lapse of age, is the Italian oak, commonly met with in Spain and Barbary, the acorns of which are most abundant and nutritive. Cervantes, in "Don Quixote," describes the goatherds eating acorns as a dainty, the choicest being picked out for the peculiar delectation of the Countess. But, the evergreen oak, which is still common in Spain, Italy, Greece, Syria, the South of France, and on the shores of the Mediterranean, bears very different acorns from the bitter fruit of the common oak, in their agreeable flavor resembling that of nuts.

A KIND WORD.

BY M. H. B.

As you jog along Life's road
  Joys and sorrows you will find,
But there's one thing I would have
  Each and all to bear in mind—
It will sweeten your own way
  It may save some brother-man,
It is this, and only this—
  "Say a kind word when you can."

It may not be yours to give
  Wealth to those who needy are—
Just as grand a place is filled
  By the daisy, as the star.
Time and strength you may not have
  In your life's allotted span
For great things—but yet you may
  "Say a kind word when you can."

It is little—it is much,
  Kind words ne'er are spoken in vain,
As upon the drooping flowers
  Falls the sweet refreshing rain.
So, new courage and fresh hope
  May raise up some fallen man,
If along Life's road we aye
  "Say a kind word when we can."

Under a Spell.

BY M. F.

"HALLO, Phil, old fellow, what's this I hear? Is it true that you are going to commit matrimony?"

The person I addressed, and whose attention I attracted by a smart tap on the shoulder, turned with a start, then laughed and shook hands.

He was as handsome a young fellow as you would meet in a summer's day; fair-haired, blue-eyed, of aspect blithe," with a sunny smile, and a manner which even men pronounced charming, and women, irresistible.

"Perfectly true," he acknowledged. "You can congratulate or condole with me, as you feel inclined."

"I shall wait first to hear who is the lady," I answered cautiously, as I linked my arm in his. We were walking down the sweet shady side of Pall Mall one bright spring afternoon four years ago. "Is it that fascinating Russian Countess whom you used to rave about last season till I was sick of her name?"

"No, it is not Madame Marenski," Philip Durham answered, coloring slightly.

"So much the better. Who is it then? Do I know her?"

"No, I don't think you have ever met. It is Miss Rayne."

"What! the American heiress? The match of the season? Phew! upon my word, for an impecunious younger son you have not done badly. But I thought you told me she was the sort of girl you particularly detested, self assertive, and under-bred?"

"When I said that I did not know her, and had an entirely wrong impression about her; I found out my mistake later. She is not an American, by-the bye; her father was English; a man of good family, but considered rather a ne'er-do-weel, till he redeemed his character by making a big fortune, silver mining in Nevada.

"When his death two years ago left her an orphan, Dolores (she was named after her mother, who was a Spaniard) came to England to live with an aunt——"

"Dolores?" I interrupted, with sudden interest; "Dolores Rayne? Why, I knew her when she was a child. I made her father's acquaintance years ago, when I was traveling in the States—a capital fellow, and his wife the handsomest woman I ever saw; though, unless I am mistaken, she had a temper. Miss Dolly and I were great chums. She was then a little black-eyed witch of ten, with a warm heart, a saucy tongue, and a finely developed will of her own."

He laughed. "She still possesses all those characteristics, particularly the latter. But she is a glorious creature, Hetley!" he added, enthusiastically. "Such a face and figure! and such a warm, generous, affectionate nature. It is impossible not to love her, in spite of her faults. But it must be acknowledged," he added pensively, "that Dolores, like her mother, has a temper."

"And how did Madame Marenski take the news of your engagement?"

He stroked his moustache thoughtfully. "Well, she took it quietly," he said, after a pause; "very quietly; though of course it was a surprise to her, as she knew of my prejudice against Dolores, and in fact had rather fostered it. To say the truth I quite expected there would be a scene, because—well I'm afraid I had given her reason to believe that if I married anyone it would be herself."

"H'm! It sounds, do you know, as if you had treated her rather shabbily."

"I know I did, and I feel awfully ashamed of myself," he confessed penitently; "but what could I do? I honestly believed that I was deeply in love with her till Dolores, and found out for the first time what real love is. To have married her after that would have been to make us both most miserable. And besides, brilliant and fascinating as she is ——"

He checked himself and left the sentence unfinished.

"However, I must say that she behaved beautifully," he continued; "uttered not a word of reproach, hoped our 'pleasant friendship,' would still continue, and went out of her way to cultivate my fiance Dolores, who is rather given to striking up sudden friendships, was quite captivated by her, and is staying at her house at the present time.

"I was just on my way to call. I haven't seen her for a week, having been down in Norfolk, in the bosom of my family. Come with me, won't you? It's Madame's day, and you will meet some amusing people."

"But I don't know her. I have heard her discussed often enough, but never saw her, to my knowledge."

"That doesn't matter; you will be welcome as my friend. Besides, you have traveled, and are literary and all that—just the sort of fellow she likes. Come along; we must take a cab, he added, "she lives in the wilds of Kensington."

The house which the Countess Marenski occupied was a large old-fashioned one of red brick, standing back from the road in a walled garden.

We were ushered into a spacious drawing room, somewhat over-crowded with pictures and ornaments, and with decidedly more color in its scheme of decoration than is permitted by the modern code of esthetics.

It was thronged with visitors of both sexes, and an animated hum of conversation prevailed, above which rose the wild, sweet notes of a violin, played by some one in an inner room, which was divided from the first by a curtained archway.

"The usual menagerie," Philip remarked, disrespectfully, glancing round at the visitors who, to say truth, were a sufficiently heterogeneous assemblage.

"Can't imagine where she picks up such impossible people. There's Goring, the actor; the pretty untidy woman he is talking to is Miss ——, who writes doubtful novels.

"The tall man with the wild head of hair is Professor Plats of the Psychological Society—avoid him; he is a deadly bore; and the weird old woman in black, who looks like the Witch of Endor, is Mrs. Amelia G. Scragga, the American clairvoyante. The Countess goes in for that sort of thing, you know, and is by way of being a 'medium' herself."

"Who is it that is playing the violin so beautifully?"

"Madame herself. She is an accomplished musician, and an artist as well—paints models to perfection. In fact there are very few things she can't do."

"Has she ever been on the stage?"

"Not that I know of; I should think it unlikely. Her husband, Count Marenski, was a great swell, I believe, but her married life was anything but happy—at least, so I gathered from hints she has dropped, for she hates to speak of the past. He had left her, and they were living apart when he died—— Hush, here she comes," he broke off as the music suddenly ceased, and our hostess' figure appeared in the doorway.

She was a tall, slight, blonde woman, whose age it was difficult to determine, with a graceful, undulating figure, and a face which at first sight charmed and dazzled, but on closer study revealed something vaguely repellant.

There was a slumbering fire in those soft, sleepy gray eyes of hers, half-veiled by their long lashes, and a hardness in the lines of mouth and chin, which, unless I was much mistaken, betrayed not only strong passions but a cruel and relentless nature.

A woman whose love might be dangerous, and whose hatred would be deadly, I thought, as I watched her. Assuredly not a safe woman to offend.

But what puzzled me was that her face seemed strangely familiar, though I could not for the life of me recall where and when I had seen it before. I was presented by Philip in due form, and received with a gracious smile.

"Any friend of Mr. Durham's is welcome," she said, in a soft liquid voice to which her slight foreign accent gave an added charm; "but particularly such a distinguished litterateur as the author of 'Modern Russia.' Your description of Russian society is wonderfully accurate, Mr. Hetley. You must have lived for some time in my country?"

"Yes, I know it very well—particularly St. Petersburg."

"How long is it since you were there?" she asked; and I fancied she waited rather anxiously for my answer.

"About six years."

"Ah, that was before—before the great sorrow of my life came upon me," she said with a sigh, and a sudden droop of her white eyelids. "What changes since then alas! But it will not do to think of it." Then, turning to Philip, she continued: "You are looking for Dolores? She is not very well to day—oh, nothing serious; only a headache—and has been lying down, but she promised to come down presently and sing to us. Ah, here she is," she added, as the door opened and Miss Rayne appeared.

I saw at once that Philip's description of her was no mere lover's hyperbole. She was indeed a glorious creature.

Tall and straight as a dart, with a rich southern complexion, velvet dark eyes, which could flash with anger or sparkle in mirth, and a sweet "mutinous" mouth which told of a generous, though wilful and impulsive nature.

But just now the girl was very pale, and there was a curious look of repressed excitement about her.

Philip went forward to meet her eagerly, his handsome face beaming with pleasure. To my surprise she either did not, or would not see his outstretched hand, and turned to her hostess, pointedly ignoring him.

"Thanks, my head is much better," she said, in answer to the former's inquiries. "Oh, yes, I feel quite able to sing," and she was passing by when I ventured to detain her.

"Miss Rayne, will you allow me to recall myself to your recollection?"

I said, perceiving that Philip was too dumfounded by his reception to think of introducing me.

She looked at me with a puzzled expression, which gave place the next moment to a bright smile of recognition.

"Of course—it is Mr. Hetley!" she exclaimed, impulsively putting out both hands. "How delightful to meet you again! It reminds me of the dear old times. But fancy your remembering me after all these years!"

"That is not so remarkable as that you should remember me," I observed.

"You impressed yourself on my memory by your kindness," she said pleasantly. "We will have a long talk directly—but now my audience is waiting!" and with another of her winning smiles, she turned away.

"Dolores!" Philip exclaimed, laying his hand on her arm.

The girl drew back haughtily, looked him full in the face, and passed on without a word or sign of recognition. He started as if she had struck him, and the color rushed to his face as he stood looking after her in blank amazement.

"What does that mean?" I asked in an undertone.

"I know no more than you do," he declared. "We parted on perfectly good terms a week ago, and now she cuts me dead. She must explain herself. I am not going to be treated in this way."

He was starting off to follow her, but I checked him.

"Don't make a scene. She is going to sing; wait till she has finished, and then speak to her quietly. No doubt it is only some trifling misunderstanding."

He acquiesced half reluctantly, and retreated to the further end of the room, where he was promptly seized upon and button-holed by Professor Plats, who had been prowling about in search of a fresh listener.

Meantime Miss Rayne had taken her seat at the piano, and the first notes of her voice—a rich full contralto—caused a sudden hush in the murmur of conversation. She had chosen the "Song of Hypolito," from the "Spanish Student," and seemed to throw her whole soul into the words.

But at the end of the first verse she broke off abruptly, saying that she was not in voice to-day, and in spite of a chorus of remonstrance and entreaty rose from the piano.

As she did so, she glanced towards me, and, with a pretty imperious gesture, which reminded me forcibly of the saucy "Dolly" of old, beckoned me to her side.

"Let us go into the other room," she said, "it is quieter there." And she led the way through the curtained arch, leaving Philip still writhing impatiently in the professor's grasp.

The room was furnished as a studio, and gave evidence of its owner's versatile tastes.

On an easel stood an unfinished picture; in a glass case was a group of fruit and flowers exquisitely modeled in wax; and a pedestal at the further end supporting a marble bust, covered by a cloth.

"There is no one here, thank goodness!" Dolores said, in a tone of relief. "How those people chatter!"

"Have you acquired a distaste for society?" I asked, smiling; "or are you only a little 'out of tune' to-day?"

"I am out of tune," she returned. "I feel as if I had been stroked the wrong way, and should like to scratch someone."

I laughed.

"What shall I do to soothe your ruffled feelings? I fear you have outgrown bonbons which in the old days used to be infallible."

"I have outgrown many things since then," she answered, moodily—"a few beliefs and illusions among the rest."

I looked at her a moment in silence, wondering what made the beautiful face so dark and overcast.

"May I venture to congratulate you on your engagement?" I said at length. "Philip Durham is an old friend of mine, and an excellent fellow. You——"

She stopped me by a look.

"My engagement to Mr. Durham is at an end," she said coldly.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Why it is barely half an hour since I heard of it from his own lips."

"He did not know, then, what I am waiting now to tell him—that I would not marry him if he were the last man left in the world," she replied.

"But what has Philip done to deserve this?" I questioned. "It is a delicate matter to interfere in lover's quarrels; but if this is only some misunderstanding which a few words from a mutual friend would clear away——"

"There has been no quarrel, there is no misunderstanding," she interrupted. "It is simply this. Within the last few days a fact has come to my knowledge—I can't tell you what it is without compromising another person—which has enlightened me as to his true character, and killed my love and confidence in one blow."

"Ah, I think I understand! You have discovered, perhaps, that he had once a flirtation with Madame Marenski? But my dear child——"

"Oh, I know that long ago!" she returned. "I am not so foolish as to indulge in retrospective jealousy. But what I did not know and cannot forgive, is that he——"

She was interrupted by the entrance of Philip himself. "Dolores, what on earth is the matter?" he began. "What have I done to offend you?"

The girl's face grew set and hard. She rose, drawing a ring from her finger, "I wish to be released from my engagement," she said, with cold distinctness. "Here is your ring."

He stared at her in consternation. "For what reason?" he demanded. "What has happened?"

"Nothing has happened. I have merely come to the conclusion that we are not suited to each other. You see"—with a hard little laugh which was half a sob—"I am romantic enough to wish to be loved a little *for myself* as well as for my money, and I fear there is not room in your heart for both."

The young man colored and bit his lip to keep down his anger.

"That is a cruel insinuation," he cried indignantly, "and one which you must know to be untrue. I should never have asked you to be my wife if I had not loved you with an affection as deep and sincere as ever man felt."

"Pray spare me any further protestations," she returned. "I have learned to know exactly what they are worth."

"You trusted me once. Who has taught you to doubt me?" was his question.

She made no reply.

"Dolores," her lover said earnestly, "I implore you not to let some foolish and cruel slander ruin the happiness of both our lives. If ever you loved me——"

The girl turned upon him suddenly with flashing eyes.

"If ever I loved you!" she echoed. "Yes, I loved you passionately, and trusted you utterly; but now I know you, it humiliates me to think that I could ever have cared for one so mean and false."

As she spoke the last words unconsciously raising her voice, Madame Marenski entered the room.

She seemed to take in the situation at a glance, and for a second, a look of something very like malicious triumph crossed her face.

But it passed as quickly as a breath from a mirror, giving place to one of surprise and concern.

"Dolores," he said, in a tone of tender remonstrance, laying her hand on the girl's shoulder, and looking earnestly into the flushed excited face.

Her touch seemed to possess some quality of magnetic control. Dolores' agitation subsided as if by magic. She shivered slightly and turned pale, but said nothing.

"What has happened to excite her so painfully?" the Russian asked, addressing Philip, without removing her hand from her friend's shoulder. "Surely you have not quarreled?"

"The quarrel was not of my making," he answered coldly. "Miss Rayne insists on breaking off our engagement, but refused to tell me her motives. It is evident that someone has poisoned her mind against me during my absence."

He glanced keenly at his hostess as he spoke, as if with a half-formed suspicion; but she met his eyes without flinching.

"Surely no one would be so base!" she exclaimed. "And what accusation could possibly be brought against you, who are the soul of honor, truth, and—constancy?"

Again Philip looked at her, doubting whether her words were spoken in earnest or in bitterest irony. But her face told nothing.

"Leave her to me," she continued, in an undertone; "she is nervous and unstrung to-day. Dear," she continued in her soft, caressing voice, addressing Dolores, who stood passive and motionless with downcast eyes; "your head is worse, I am sure; you look so white and tired. You must lie down and try to sleep. Come!"

She took her hand as she spoke. Dolores hesitated a moment, and then, in the same curiously passive way, and without another glance at Philip or myself, allowed herself to be led from the room.

"Let us go," Durham said hurriedly, when they had disappeared; "the air of this house suffocates me. Come and dine with me, will you, Hetley? It will be a charity."

I assented, and we left the house together.

* * * * * *

"Depend upon it, Phil, your fair friend the Countess is at the bottom of this," I said, when, dinner being over, and the servant being dismissed, we were sitting over our coffee and cigar in Durham's sung room in Jermyn Street. "There is no one who has an interest in robbing you of Dolores' love except the woman whom you deserted for her sake."

He changed his position uneasily. "I can't believe Olga Marenski capable of so mean a revenge."

"'Hell holds no fury like a woman woman scorned,'" I quoted. "If you think she has forgiven you, you are no judge of physiognomy."

He stared moodily at the fire a moment, then started up and began to pace the room.

"But, good heavens, if this is true, what an actress—what a hypocrite she must be!" he exclaimed at length. "To play the comedy of friendship to us both, while all the time she was plotting to divide us—it is sickening! And she has evidently obtained such an influence over Dolores that the girl will believe any lies she chooses to tell her."

"And yet Dolores is not one to be easily duped either," I remarked thoughtfully. "Doesn't it strike you that there is something rather strange, not to say mysterious, in the power this woman has obtained over her in so short a time?"

"It does not surprise me. The control she exercises over others by mere force of will is almost uncanny. I have felt it myself. There was a time when she could make me do and think what she chose and though——"

A subdued tap at the door interrupted him, and his direct man-servant, Watson, appeared with the information that "a person" wished to see him.

"A person?" Philip repeated. "Is it a tradesman?"

"No, sir; it is a—a lady."

"A lady! at this hour! Impossible! Did she give her name?"

"No, sir; but she—it is—it is Miss Rayne, sir."

"What!" Durham almost shouted, staring at him incredulously.

"Miss Rayne, sir," repeated the man, lowering his voice; "she came in a hansom, which is waiting, and has followed me upstairs——"

Even as he spoke, the door was pushed open, and the visitor appeared on the threshold.

She wore a long black mantle, and a small half-mourning bonnet, with a gauze veil, not so thick as to conceal her features; the fine arched brows, the delicately modelled nose, and the low broad forehead, with its fringe of loosely curling soft dark hair.

Her eyes were lowered, and she kept in the shadow near the door.

Philip turned towards her eagerly, with the same idea which had occurred to myself, namely, that she had repented her rash decision of yesterday, and had impulsively come, in defiance of conventionalities, to "make it up."

But another glance at her face dispelled this pleasing illusion. Stonily calm it was, but with a look of stern vindictive purpose which hardened every feature.

"Dolores"—her lover faltered, taking a step towards her. She drew back still further into the shadow, and without uttering a word, without even raising her eyes to his face, pointed to a small sandalwood box—her own gift to him—which stood on a side-table.

"You wish to have your letters?" he questioned, divining her meaning. She silently inclined her head in assent. There was something so strange, so unnatural in her manner, and in the almost death-like immobility of her face, that I watched in alarm and perplexity, doubting if she were in her right mind; and I could see that Philip shared my fear.

Mechanically he crossed the room, took up the box, and approached her again.

As he presented it to her, she suddenly drew out the hand which had hitherto been concealed within her cloak, and I saw something gleam in the lamplight. At the same moment Durham uttered a quick cry, and staggered back, his hand pressed to his side.

Without another glance at him she hurried from the room, and brushing past Watson, who was lingering in the doorway, descended the stairs, and was out of the house before we had recovered from our stupefaction.

I started up to follow her, but Philip detained me.

"No, you must not," he gasped. "Let her go——"

"But, good heavens, she has stabbed you," I cried, as I supported him to a chair.

"It is nothing," he faltered, though he had turned deadly pale. "Tell no one—it was an accident. If I die, let her know that I forgive her. Oh, Dolores——"

He gave a shuddering sigh, and fell back insensible.

"Shall I fetch Dr. Mackay, sir?" inquired Watson, hurriedly. "He is the nearest surgeon."

I acquiesced with a nod, and he left the room.

Philip was still insensible when the doctor arrived—a grave, hard featured, dry-mannered Scotchman, who listened without comment, but with evident incredulity, to my confused account of the accident. He declined at present to commit himself to an opinion as to the gravity of the patient's injury; but recommended that his parents should be sent for without delay.

I at once dispatched a cautiously-worded telegram to his father. He passed a restless and feverish night, and when morning came, was in a condition which made Dr. Mackay look graver than ever.

Sir Henry, accompanied by Lady Durham, arrived about noon. Fearing to be questioned, I left the house without seeing them, and having paid a hasty visit to my chamber in order to change my dress, took a cab and drove to Kensington.

I felt that I must see Dolores—force the unhappy girl to confide in me, and save her, if possible, from the consequences of her crime. That she was not in her right senses when she committed it, I felt convinced.

Hasty, head-strong, passionate, I knew her to be, but I could not believe her capable of such a deed, except on the supposition that her mind was for the time unhinged. I was still pondering over the mystery, when the cab drew up at Madame Marenski's door.

"Miss Rayne had not yet left her room," the servant told me, "but would be down in a few moments."

He ushered me into the drawing-room, which had no occupant but a great white macaw in a gilded cage, that screamed angrily at my intrusion, executing a sort of war-dance on its perch. To escape the bird's irritating noise, I passed into the studio, absently examining the casts and pictures and group of wax flowers.

Then my attention was attracted by the bust. I removed the cloth which concealed it, and found that it was a portrait of Dolores, needing only a few finishing touches in the hair and drapery to complete it.

But this was not the bright debonnaire face I knew so well. The features were hers indeed, but they were disfigured by exactly the same dark vindictive expression she had worn last night—as if, like Coleridge's "Christabel," the girl were under some malignant spell, and forced to imitate "a look of dull and treacherous hate."

I was still contemplating it when Dolores entered. To my astonishment, though looking pale and depressed, she was perfectly composed, and greeted me as if nothing had happened.

"I hope you are not admiring that horrid thing," she said, glancing distastefully at the bust. "Madame Marenski has made me look as if I were plotting a murder. I am sorry to have kept you waiting," she continued. "I was very lazy this morning, though I went to bed at an unnaturally early hour last night."

I gazed at her in bewilderment. Was this dissimulation? If so, she was the most accomplished actress I had ever yet met.

"But you went out between nine and ten?" I said.

She looked surprised, and shook her head.

"Oh, no; I was sound asleep then—thanks to Madame. She gave me a composing draught, which sent me into a deep sleep, almost like a trance. I did not wake till nearly eleven o'clock this morning."

Her manner was natural and unembarrassed; her eyes met mine frankly. I felt convinced that the girl was speaking the truth, or what she believed to be the truth. And yet I had seen her with my own eyes in Philip's rooms at the moment when she declared herself to have been in bed.

What was I to believe? Was it possible that the deed had been committed in her sleep?

Had she, while in that trance-like slumber, been made the instrument of another's revengeful will?

He recalled her strange fixed look and automatic manner, and the idea, extravagant as it seemed, gathered probability.

But would anyone else believe it? Suppose—the thought sent a chill through me—suppose she were tried for her life, would any jury accept such a theory in the face of the overwhelming evidence against her? No; I felt, with a shudder, that if Philip died, Dolores was lost.

While these thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, she had composedly seated herself, motioning me to do the same. It gave me a curious sensation to see her so calm and unmoved on the verge of such deadly peril.

"I am glad you have called, Mr. Hetley," she began. "I have something to say to you. I do not regret having broken off my engagement"—her lip quivered a little as she spoke—"but I feel that I ought to have explained my motives. I can do so now, for I am released from the promise of secrecy which kept me silent yesterday."

She took a packet of letters from her pocket as she spoke.

"These were written by—by Philip to Madame Marenski," she said, "and she showed them to me the other day, that I might know what manner of man it was that I was wasting my love upon."

"Very kind and disinterested of her. But did you not tell me that you were perfectly aware of his having flirted with her before he met you?"

"Yes; but I did not know that the flirtation was so serious, and that it continued long after his engagement to me—that while he was deluding me with the semblance of love, the reality was given to her—that he spoke of me with dislike and disparagement, and cynically acknowledged that, for him, my fortune was my only attraction."

"I will never believe Philip capable of such baseness!" I exclaimed.

She opened the packet, and hurriedly selected one letter, which she handed to me.

"You see that it is no forgery?"

"It is undoubtedly Philip's writing," I admitted.

"Read it. See how he writes to the woman he loves of the woman he is going to marry."

I glanced through the letter and uttered an exclamation.

"But this cannot have been written lately! It is utterly impossible he could speak of you in these terms when he had learned to know you!"

"Look at the date," she rejoined—"March of this year. We have been engaged since Christmas."

I rose and walked to the window, examing the letter more closely; and presently I made a curious discovery.

"Are you convinced?" Dolores asked at last.

"I am convinced," I said dryly, as I returned to her side, "that your friend the Countess is a very clever and ingenious lady. Now, supposing for a moment that these letters had been written before Philip knew you personally, should you resent them?"

"Of course not. I knew that he was prejudiced against me at first; he has told me so; and in these letters he says no more than that. But look at the date."

"Look again yourself," I retorted, "and you will see that the last figure in the date of the year has been altered. Not one of these letters was written since your engagement."

She started, and hurriedly examined them. I saw the color rush to her face, then retreat, leaving it white.

"You are right," she said in an altered tone. "They have been tampered with. Ah, I see it all now! This was a plot to separate us, and thanks to my wicked temper, it has succeeded. How could I have believed it? Fool—fool that I have been! I have insulted him past forgiveness—I have lost him! Oh, Philip——"

Burying her head in a cushion of the couch, she burst into a passionate flood of tears, her sobs shaking her from head to foot. After a moment she looked up at me imploringly.

"Mr. Hetley," she said, in a choked, trembling voice; "will you go to Philip—now, at once? Beg him to come to me, and I will ask his forgiveness on my knees!"

"He cannot come to you," was my grave reply; "he lies now dangerously ill; wounded—perhaps mortally—by your hand."

"By—my—hand!" she echoed, gazing at me wonderingly.

I inclined my head in assent.

"Last night, between nine and ten o'clock, a woman came to his rooms, and in the presence of witnesses, of whom I was one, deliberately stabbed him. That woman was yourself."

She sprang to her feet.

"What are you saying? What monstrous accusation is this?" she cried. "You must know that it is false——"

"It is true," said a quiet voice behind us. Madame Marenski was standing in the curtained archway, regarding us with a curious smile. "I heared Miss Rayne tell you a few moments ago that she did not leave the house last night," she continued, in a tone of icy distinctness, addressing me. "Her memory plays her false. She went out after I myself had retired, and was absent more than an hour. The servants saw her, and this morning the housemaid brought me something she had dropped in the hall."

She showed me a quaint silver-handled dagger of Moorish workmanship.

"I little thought when I gave it her a few days ago that it would be used as an instrument of—revenge."

As she spoke the last word, for the first time she looked full at Dolores, with an expression of malignant triumph, which seemed to transform her into a fiend.

How strangely familiar her face seemed to me with that look upon it! What was the association connected with it which I tried vainly to recall? Suddenly—in a flash, as it were—I recollected; and, at the same moment a flood of light poured in upon my mind.

The event of last night was no longer a mystery, and I knew that Dolores was innocent of any, even unconscious, participation in the deed.

As the girl was about to speak, I silenced her by a gesture, and advanced a step nearer to the mistress of the house.

"I think I have seen that dangerous plaything before," I remarked, taking it from her hand. "Was it not formerly in the possession of an actress of St. Petersburg, named Olive Merovna?"

Had I had any doubt as to the correctness of my suspicion, the change in her face would have dispelled it.

"I do not know," she faltered; "I never heard of such a person."

"No! yet her name was sufficiently notorious ten years ago. She was arrested, you may remember, on suspicion of having murdered her husband, but, though there was strong presumptive evidence against her, she was acquitted, as she could not be identified as the woman who fired the fatal shot.

"Afterwards," he continued, after a

ness, "when she had escaped the country, was discovered that she was, indeed, the criminal, but had disguised herself in a way to defy detection—altering, not only her dress and figure, but, by an ingenious artifice, her very features——"

I paused a moment, looking at her steadily.

"Was it not the same device which you employed last night, madame?"

The Russian started, and I saw her cast a quick involuntary glance towards a Japanese cabinet near the fireplace. That glance was an unconscious revelation of something I had wished to know.

In a moment I had crossed the room to where the cabinet stood, and had my hand on the door, when, with a cry of mingled rage and terror, she darted after me and seized my arm.

"What are you doing? Are you mad?" she cried, unconsciously speaking in her own language.

"No, madame," I answered in the same tongue. "I am in full possession of my senses, and merely curious to examine the contents of this cabinet. It is locked, I perceive. Oblige me with the key."

"If you dare to touch it I will call the servants and have you turned out of the house!" she gasped.

"Call them in, by all means; they will be valuable witnesses," I returned, coolly. "You refuse to unlock it? Very well," and with one vigorous blow I drove in the fragile doors.

She set her teeth, and tried with all her strength, which was not slight, to push me back; but it was too late. I had already caught sight of what I was in search of, lying, half hidden, on an upper shelf, and held it up triumphantly above her reach.

It was a delicate wax mask of Dolores' face, evidently modelled from the bust, and colored to the life.

The girl, who had been a silent and bewildered spectator of the scene, uttered a startled cry, and involuntarily recoiled.

"Ah, I understand!" she exclaimed, in a tone of sudden enlightment; "it was she who attempted Philip's life! While I was sleeping last night she dressed in my clothes, and with that mask on her face, went to his room!

"You dreadful woman!" she added, turning to the Russian, who stood, white and panting, the image of baffled malice. "How had either of us injured you, that you should plot our destruction?"

"How had you injured me? You dare to ask me that?" the other retorted, in a breathless tone of suppressed passion. "Was it not that Philip Durham made me love him as I had never loved before—madly, miserably, and after using me as the pastime of his leisure hours, flung me aside carelessly as an old glove when he met a fairer face? And you—was it nothing that you robbed me of him? That you maddened me by parading your affection for him under my own eyes, in my own house?

"He had loved me once," she continued; "or pretended to do so, and if you had never come between us, I should now have been his wife."

Passion choked her voice. She made a sudden snatch at the mask, and would have trampled it under foot had I not been too quick for her.

"No, no, madame," I said quietly; "I said quietly; "I cannot allow you to destroy this valuable piece de conviction. It will be wanted—later."

Her arm fell to her side. She looked at me steadily, her excitement giving place all at once to a cold composure.

"You intend to give me up to justice?" she questioned, in Russian, speaking with great distinctness and deliberation.

"Most assuredly I do," I answered, "and I shall see that you do not escape this time. You will please to consider yourself a prisoner from this moment."

She drew a deep breath, still looking at me fixedly. The pupils of her strange gray-green eyes dilated, and her red lips slowly widened in a sinister smile.

"I am to consider myself a prisoner?" she repeated; "so be it. I am at your mercy. I yield to the inevitable. Have I your Excellency's permission to sit down for a moment?" she continued, with mock humility. "I feel somewhat faint——"

I turned aside to place a chair for her, and in that moment she seized her opportunity, and with a movement swift and noiseless as a cat's, darted across the room.

She had gained the door, closed and locked it after her, and was gone, with a rush of flying feet down the corridor outside, before I had time even to realise her intention.

The hansom which had brought me was still waiting.

While I was hammering at the locked door, enraged at being foiled so easily, I heard wheels pass the window, and glanced out just in time to catch a brief glimpse of a white face with an evil smile of triumph on it, and a hand waved in mocking farewell. The next moment she had vanished.

* * * * * *

Philip Durham did not die, though it was many weary weeks before he was pronounced out of danger. Dolores had insisted on helping his mother to nurse him, and there was no limit to the girl's devotion.

It seemed as if she could not do enough to prove her love and penitence, and her manner was so softened and subdued that she was hardly to be recognised as the proud and wilful Dolores of old. Indeed, Philip was ungrateful enough to complain that she was getting almost too meek and submissive; but, as I told him consolingly, that was a fault which matrimony would correct.

Madame Maranski they never saw or heard of again. She had crossed their path like some brilliant baleful meteor, and vanished into outer darkness, leaving no trace behind.

HOBBIES OF GREAT MEN.

HENRY IV. of France, the great Huguenot King, who has lately become familiar to many of us in the works of Stanley Weyman, was passionately fond of children.

It is related of him that one day he was discovered by an Ambassador crawling on all foure with the Dauphin on his back and the rest of the royal children urging him to equine feats. He was not abashed, and, without raising, said to the intruder:—

"Have you any children, Mr. Ambassador?"

"Yes, sire."

"In that case," replied Henry, "I shall proceed with my sport."

A fondness for children was a feature in the character of the Duke of Wellington, and also in that of his great adversary, Napoleon.

It is difficult to realise this imperious man, this terror of nations, dandling the young King of Rome in his arms, and laughingly daubing his face with sauce from his breakfast plate.

Yet it is so recorded of him. Another of his weaknesses was for the music of bells.

He would stop in the midst of a discussion on the gravest subject to listen to a village peal, and be surprised and almost indignant if those about him failed to evince a corresponding interest.

"They remind me," he said on one occasion, "of the first year I passed at Brienne. I was happy then."

Music, indeed, in one form or another, has been the hobby of many great men. Milton delighted to play upon the organ, and composed many fine chants to psalms. Gainsborough performed with no little skill on the violin.

Many of the anxious and feverish hours of Luther were solaced by his flute. The great reformer, however, had another favorite recreation in the game of skittles or ninepins. Probably the success attending his labors never gave him so keen an exhilaration of pleasure as did the knocking down of all the pins at one stroke.

Byron loved flowers, and kept his room constantly decked with them. He said that he drew from them his inspiration. In the latter years of his life he formed a great affection for dogs, and generally had some of them about him. A favorite one, on its demise, received the honor of a Byronic epitaph.

Many famous men have displayed a similar fondness for animals, and in not a few instances the animal chosen has been of a kind not usually connected with household pets.

Cardinal Richelieu found amusement in a collection of cats. The poet Cowper tamed hares and spent much of his time feeding and fondling them.

Goethe made friends with an animal of far less inviting description. It is related of him that he rarely passed a day without bringing from a chimney corner a live snake, which he kept there, and caressed it like a bosom friend.

Hardly a more agreeable form was taken by Rembrandt, who became devoted to an ape. When he heard of this animal's death he was so overcome with grief that he introduced its figure into a group he was then engaged upon of a noble family.

Nevertheless to say, the family in question refused to recognise this unseemly addition to their numbers, and the painter declining to erase it the picture was left on his hands. It is said to be still in existence.

More remarkable, almost, than any of these is the friendship which Pellisson made of a spider to beguile the tedium of solitary confinement in the Bastile. That a creature of this kind should show itself amenable to such influences is, perhaps, more to be wondered at than that a man so placed should desire to tame it.

James I. was another lover of animals, but he does not seem to have confined his favors to any particular variety. He kept a private menagerie in St. James' Park, wherein all manner of beasts were gathered together, and tended them with scrupulous care. Sables, white gyrfalcons of Iceland, and flying squirrels, were, we are told, among the most highly prized specimens in this collection.

About the year 1629 the King of Spain obtained the good offices of his Majesty by the diplomatic presentation of an elephant and five camels. The former of these appears to have been a somewhat costly visitor to entertain. He required two Spanish keepers as well as two English ones for his sole service, and a "breefe noate what the chardges of the elephant and his keepers are in the yeare" sets the figure at £276 12 shillings (1878)

This computation, however, does not seem to have covered the entire expense, for the "breefe noate" is supplemented by the following: "Besides, his keepers affirme that from the month of September until April he must drink (not water) but wyne—and from April until September he must have a gallon of wyne the daye."

Apart from animals, the vagaries of great men have taken many singular forms. Beethoven was possessed of a continual desire to change lodgings. Hardly was he installed in one set of apartments than he would discover some defect in them and set about searching for others. What a field is there, surely, for the enterprising tourist. He would be an unlucky man, indeed, who should fail to unearth at least one of the great composer's many abodes.

So great was the enthusiasm of the French astronomer, La Calle, in the cause of science that he restricted himself for the ordinary purposes of life to the use of one eye, reserving the other solely for his telescope.

It is almost incomprehensible that a man should thus voluntarily deprive himself of one of his most useful members, but it is recorded that by these means he was able to achieve many interesting results, and we may, therefore, presume that he considered himself sufficiently rewarded.

Perhaps, however, the most potent motive actuating eccentricities has been the consideration of health. A strange mania was that of Ferdinand II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, who died in the year 1670.

He was frequently seen by his biographer pacing up and down his room between two large thermometers, upon one or the other of which he would keep his eyes constantly fixed while unceasingly employed in putting on and taking off a variety of skull caps of different degrees of warmth, according to the variations of heat and cold registered by the instruments.

Another man with a curious fondness for skull caps was the Abbe de St. Martin, who in the seventeenth century made himself ridiculous by his vagaries. He always wore nine of these articles to keep off the cold, and, furthermore, nine pairs of stockings. His mode of passing the night was more remarkable still.

He caused to be constructed for himself a bed of bricks, beneath which was a furnace so arranged that he could regulate it to the degree of warmth he might require, and his bed was fitted with only a very small opening, through which the abbe used to creep when he retired at night.

Even more ridiculous was the contrivance which the great French mathematician, Fourier, designed and used for the protection of his health.

He encased himself in a species of box, the interior of which, by some mechanical means, was kept at the only temperature at which he felt he could live without inconvenience. While enveloped in this clumsy affair he was necessarily confined to one spot, but he provided means for the freedom of his head and hands. Even the life of rheumatism and asthma one would have thought were preferable to existence under such circumstances as these. But the French mathematician, we must believe, was of a different opinion.

At Home and Abroad.

The earliest example of the large clocks made by the clockmakers is in the city of Rouen. It was made by Jahan de Felaine, and was finished in 1389. Its case is six feet eight inches high and only five inches broad, and so perfect in its construction that it is still used to regulate the time in the town, striking the hours, half hours and quarters with the most exact regularity. Until 1714 it only possessed what the mediæval clock-makers called a "foliot," but in that year a pendulum was added.

It is universally believed that Russian political offenders, condemned to pass part or whole of their lives in exile, are sent to the frozen frontiers as a matter of course. This is an error, however. They are certainly sent off under an escort, but when they have reached half or part of the way, they are often conveyed back again and thrown into prison. These prisons are situated on an island near St. Petersburg, and the cells are subterranean and in a fortress. Not long since at an inundation, hundreds of these prisoners of rank were drowned in their cells, whilst their families, who were allowed to follow them, were in vain searching for them in the wilds of Siberia.

It is said that an English steamship company is about to build a vessel which will be for the "sole use of invalids." The steamship is to be fitted up very luxuriously, and devoted entirely to the service of wealthy sufferers who are afflicted with pulmonary troubles, and who can only prolong life in the dry, salubrious climate of perpetual summer. Convalescents from other wasting diseases are to be accepted. An eminent corps of medical men will be on board, and the cuisine be in charge of chefs trained to the delicate task of ministering to the refined and capricious tastes of invalids. The vessel will make its initial trip next autumn and winter in the Mediterranean.

At a dinner given by the late Prince Rattibor there were one hundred courses. The chefs of the prince were always most solemnly chosen, after the greatest deliberation. On one special occasion it was announced that he was in need of a cook, and ten of the best chefs duly presented themselves for the coveted post. They were informed by the prince that each must prepare a dinner of his own choice and cooking, consisting of ten courses, to be served the same evening to a jury of the best gastronomes in Paris, who would eat of each different dish and then pass judgment. The programme was carried out, and the palm awarded to a Frenchman who had been chef for many years to Baron Haussman.

"The digestion of an ostrich" is proverbial, but we do not remember having ever before seen such a remarkable proof of the appositeness of the reference as is furnished by a certain inventory drawn up by a New York taxidermist, into whose hands came the carcass of one of these birds for dissection. The ostrich had formed part of the Exhibition in the Central Park. In its stomach were found the following articles: The bottoms of two beer bottles; a wooden clothes peg; a mouth harmonica, five inches long and two wide; the ferule of an umbrella, with four inches of stick attached to it; a metal skate key, a door key, five inches in length; a woman's hair comb; two pieces of coal; a silk handkerchief, three stones; together with a mass of cabbage grass and dirt which served to fill up the gaps. Strange to say, this strange assortment of food had nothing whatever to do with the death of the bird. It died of another kind of consumption—tuberculosis.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Our Young Folks.

MARJORIE AND THE MERMAIDS.

BY C. E. E.

MARJORIE knew she ought not to be sitting on this large rock with the sea splashing quite near her.

She knew perfectly well that her mother had forbidden her ever to go exploring on the rocks alone. Yet here she was, and trying hard to feel quite at ease.

"Of course, there's no danger," she muttered. "That's the worst of being a girl—one mustn't have any fun. As if I can come to any harm so long as I keep my eyes open.

"Of course, if the tide came in much further the sea would be all round me, and I couldn't get to land; but when the sea is round this rock I shall be far away."

And she sat and gazed dreamily at the pretty sparkling little waves. They looked so blue and gentle, as if they could never be cruel and rough.

As Marjorie was watching them they suddenly parted, and there before the child's astonished eyes appeared a beautiful form, half in and half out of the sea. Long, thick golden hair hung down over her shoulders and disappeared into the water.

"A mermaid," whispered Marjorie.

The mermaid smiled, and her smile was very sweet.

She came nearer.

"Come," she said, and twined her two beautiful arms around the little girl.

"I—oh, no, please!" gasped Marjorie.

"You must. You belong to us now. Do you not see that the water is over you?"

It was true; but the mermaid's voice sent a shudder through Marjorie. It was low and soft and sweet; but oh, so sad! It was like very plaintive music.

Without another word she took the little girl into her arms and swam with her through the sea.

"Our queen is giving a ball this evening: you shall come to it," said the mermaid.

"I would rather go home, please," pleaded Marjorie, who was wet and cold and miserable.

"Too late!" whispered that soft sad voice.

Soon they found themselves in a large and very beautiful garden. At least, Marjorie concluded it was a garden, but it was very different from a land-garden. Flowers of every sort and color there were—gorgeous flowers that Marjorie had never before seen.

And grottoes, such charming grottoes, with delicate pale-green leaves and flowers, some of which the little girl recognised as seaweed.

But it was all very grand and lovely, and so were the mermaids who thronged round her, and told her she would soon grow into one of them.

But she was not one of them yet, and she was very miserable.

The great crabs and lobsters, the horrible crawling things all frightened her, and she felt decidedly "home sick."

One little mermaid amongst the others Marjorie noticed especially.

She was small, but very pretty, and her great blue eyes looked at the little newcomer very pitifully. She alone seemed sorry for her.

"I am going to take the mortal to the ball," said the mermaid who had captured Marjorie, and she began to prepare her toilet.

Marjorie watched them in amazement. They had combs, with which they combed out their long locks; they had funny little looking-glasses; and they had wreaths made of the beautiful seaweed which they wore on their heads, and pretty coral necklaces round their white throats.

At last they were ready, and once more Marjorie felt herself being carried through the water.

When they reached the queen's palace, just for one minute Marjorie forgot her misery in her wondering admiration.

The palace was built entirely of the most beautiful shells, which shone and glittered in almost dazzling splendor.

Lovely creepers, delicate red, blues, and greens, twined about these strange walls and grew luxuriantly in the fine golden sand on which the palace was built.

The inside was equally beautiful. The lovely young queen sat on a throne composed entirely of pearl. Her long graceful tail shone brilliantly from under her golden hair; she was a beautiful and dazzling sight.

There were several rooms leading into each other, with pretty rocky arches, some made entirely of fine coral, and they were filled with graceful young mermaids and mermen.

Marjorie was led up to the queen, who welcomed her with a charming smile, and said—

"You are wet through and miserable now, but soon you will notice the water no longer, and be happy."

Marjorie fell on her knees, and with clasped hands cried—

"Oh, beautiful queen, let me go home!"

The queen frowned.

"Too late," she said, and turned away.

Marjorie sat alone and wept bitterly. All the mermaids were dancing on the golden floor.

Suddenly a sweet little voice said in her ear.

"Can you not be happy in this beautiful place?"

"No, oh no, never—for I want my mother and father and my little brother!"

"But look around. See the lovely colors, the red, the blue, the pink, the green——"

"Mamma, mamma!"

"See the arches with their sparkling beauty."

"I want my own home. Oh, I saw you looking at me so kindly before—take me home."

"Your home has none of this crystal beauty, none of this shining splendor, none of these wonderful gorgeous flowers, none——"

"But it has mamma and papa and Eric."

"Then come with me. Softly, for if I am seen taking you away I shall be punished severely. Oh, foolish child, why did you disobey your kind mother? Do you not understand that parents know what is best for their children? Never again could you be saved from us—it is only the great excitement of this ball that gives me an opportunity; and never would I try to save you again, only somehow your little face is so pretty, and your mother's grief will be so sad—come."

The mermaid took her gently into her arms, and again they were flying through the water.

Majorie tried to thank her, but the sweet voice answered—

"Nay, show your gratitude by obeying your parents in the future. Rest assured they know best."

The soft arms loosened their hold, and Marjorie looking around, saw she was on the rock again, and the mermaid was no where to be seen. She started up in horror. The water was all round her. What could she do?

Then she remembered that the rock was not very high. If she got down the water would not be very deep, and every moment it was getting deeper. There was nothing else to be done.

Clenching her teeth hard, she clambered down into the sea. The water was nearly up to her waist. She plunged through to the shore, and dripping and frightened rushed home to her mother.

"Oh, if the mermaid had been a minute later rescuing me I would have been drowned," she thought with a shudder.

Then she stopped running in amazement.

"Why, my hair isn't wet at all!" she cried: and more frightened than ever, ran on home.

She was quickly in bed between warm blankets; and then with sobs and tears told her mother everything.

"And I'll never forget again that you and papa know best," she wound up.

"Well, if you know that, I'll forgive you this time, dear," said her mother, kissing the sad little face; and oh, how it brightened up then, and how that poor mamma was hugged.

"And however strange it all is, the little mermaid has taught you a very useful lesson," said mamma, when she emerged from the hugs.

"Yes," agreed Marjorie, "and I'll never forget it."

THE WONDERFUL SHOES.

BY V. L.

JEANNETTE was a little French peasant girl. She had no father, and her mother had to work hard to earn enough money to keep them.

Every morning, little Jeannette was up and out in the sunshine before six o'clock. She carried a basket on her arm, and when she returned home for her breakfast, it was always full of flowers.

No one had such quick eyes for finding out the hiding places of the flowers as little Jeannette. Every crack and crevice was known to her, no flower escaped those bright brown eyes.

After her frugal breakfast the little girl would tie up her flowers into pretty bunches and bouquets, and then wend her way into the neighboring town to try and sell them.

Sometimes she was successful, and then she would come home smiling, and pretty, and happy. Sometimes she was not successful, and then a naughty frown would be on the little face, and she would come home cross and angry.

Now, it was the eve of Jeannette's ninth birthday, and as the little girl lay fast asleep in her small bed, her mother sat putting the last touches to a little apron she was making for her child's birthday-gift. The candle was burning very low; soon there would be no light, and there was not another candle in that poor dwelling.

But as it gave a last splutter, the apron was finished, and in the darkness Jeannette's mother laid it on her child's clothes.

The next morning, Jeannette opened her brown eyes lazily, then gave a sudden cry of delight. For there, beside the apron was a tiny pair of pretty leather shoes, with silver buckles.

How did they come there?

Nobody knew, but Jeannette was wild with joy. The stones so often cut her poor little feet, and these shoes were lined with pretty soft stuff—so cosy and comfortable.

There was a label attached to the shoes, and on it in big black letters was written, "Wear these always."

It took Jeannette some little time to master this, but she did it at last, and then she clapped her hands; for now she would not have to keep these shoes for special occasions.

She thanked her mother gratefully for the pretty apron, and the shoes were as cosy as could be.

She filled her basket, and was just starting for home, when up on a high and mossy bank she spied some rare fern.

"Ah, I must have that," she said, and reached up to pluck it. But she was too short; she could not get near the fern.

Then she frowned, and stamped on the ground.

Her shoes suddenly began to pinch her feet. She was surprised; just before they had been so comfortable.

Perhaps it would go off again soon. She looked up at the fern, then down at her well filled basket.

"After all, I have enough," she said, and went on her way.

But Jeannette's content soon vanished, for the shoes began to pinch and hurt her feet. Angrily she pulled them off, but the pain became worse.

So she put them on again, and looked round for her mother. Then she remembered she ought to help her, and sprang up to do so. The pain had gone.

Now, this puzzled Jeannette's little head, and at supper she told her mother all about it—how the shoes had been so cosy all day, except for those three times. Together they tried to understand it, but could not.

In the middle of the night, when Jeannette was fast asleep, her mother lay, and still thought of this strange thing. Suddenly she exclaimed—

"Oh, I have it!"

Her voice roused Jeannette.

"What is it you have, mother?" she asked.

"The meaning of it. Listen, my child; those shoes are a fairy gift. When thou art good and unselfish, they are warm and soft and cosy; but when thou art naughty, then they become hard, and pinch thy feet, little one."

"Then I will not wear them," cried Jeannette.

But even as she spoke, she felt a sharp twinge in her feet, and cried out to her mother.

"It is too late now, my little one; thou hast worn them, and so will the pain come."

She was right. After awhile, Jeannette, being a sensible little girl, decided that she was glad about the wonderful shoes. And as she made this decision the shoes felt more cosy than ever.

They never wear out, and never grow too small.

Every day Jeannette goes to the town with her flowers; but now, if her basket is not empty when she returns home, she says, "Perhaps I shall fare better to-morrow."

She is a favorite with everyone, and her life is bright and happy, for she is so sweet and merry and unselfish that she is loved by all. And the shoes are very seldom uncomfortable.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

London's population increases about 70,000 every year.

There are nearly three thousand stitches in a pair of hand-sewed boots.

America has 1,000,000 miles of telegraph wires,—enough to reach 40 times around the globe.

The bones and muscles of the human body are capable of performing over twelve hundred different motions.

A flowering plant is said to abstract from the soil two hundred times its own weight in water during its life.

The eight great water companies of London now supply nearly six million people with about 180,000,000 gallons of water a day.

In some German schools the pupils acquire a knowledge of the weeds which injure vegetables. The weeds are depicted on wall maps in their natural colors.

A bride recently appeared at the altar with her pet canary fastened to her shoulder by a golden chain. During the marriage ceremony the bird broke into song.

A notable municipal scheme has been started in Glasgow, where the authorities have erected a series of lodging houses, which combine comfort and cleanliness with cheapness.

The advantages of advertising were recently illustrated in London. A man advertised for the return of a lost cat. In less than a week 232 of them were brought to his house.

The per capita cost of living in New South Wales is the highest in the world, being nearly $300 per head per annum. In the United Kingdom it is about $160, in the United States $170, and in Canada $120.

On the State railways in Germany the carriages are painted according to the colors of the tickets of their respective classes. First-class carriages are painted yellow, second-class green and third class white.

Queen Victoria has been Queen of Great Britain during the administration of Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Harrison and Cleveland.

It has been frequently stated that steam is driving sailing vessels off the seas. It appears that about one-half of the tonnage of the world is in vessels propelled by wind, and even in Britain forty per cent. of the tonnage is in sailing vessels.

There are now in the Argentine Republic about ten million cattle, and the remarkable thing about them is that there are all descendants of eight cows and one bull which were brought to Brazil in the middle of the sixteenth century.

A bit of pumice stone, smoothed and vigorously used on the finger tips, will effectually cleanse them from any stain, without the danger of causing soreness, which frequently arises from the employment of chemical preparations.

Opposition to the establishment of a free public library at Hornsey, England, is on the ground that "libraries, frequented as they are by loafers and other dirty and disreputable people, are often responsible for the spread of infectious diseases." The opposition is likely to fail.

The vast acreage of level coast lands in Southeastern Texas has begun to attract the attention of rice planters. Some of is has already been planted with rice, and the success of the experiment has been such as to justify high hopes for the future of the industry.

It is estimated that 22 acres of land are necessary to sustain one man on fresh meat. The same space of land, if devoted to wheat culture, would feed 44 people; if to oats, 88; potatoes, Indian corn and rice, 176, and if to the plantain or bread-tree, over 6000 people.

Among the various demands for concessions at the Paris Exposition is one for a tremendous barrel of beer, fifty-two feet in length and twenty-seven feet high. Inside this two-story glass house, for the barrel is to be made of glass, it is proposed to erect an American bar restaurant.

Calcutta, India, is a great educational centre, one of the greatest in the world. It has twenty colleges, with three thousand students, and forty high schools, with two thousand students. In the city there are altogether about fifty-five thousand English-speaking and non-Christian natives.

The distinction among animals of requiring least sleep belongs to the elephant. In spite of its capacity for hard work the elephant seldom, if ever, sleeps more than four or, occasionally, five hours. For two hours before midnight, and again for two hours after one o'clock, these misborn mountains sleep.

Charles Hall Adams, United States Consul General in Liberia, now in this country on a visit, says that Liberia is fairly prosperous and that industrious and intelligent people are able to make a good living in the country. The principal industry is the raising of coffee and palm oil, and a number of American negroes own good plantations and enjoy incomes of as much as $5000 a year.

AMONG THE PINES.

BY W. W. LONG.

In moonlight there among the pines,
  When all was calm and still,
Save nightingales' sweet music
  Out yonder on the hill,
To you I breathed love's story,
  Twined a wreath about your brow;
And ever in my heart of hearts
  That spot is sacred now.

ABOUT TURKISH WOMEN.

The Turkish woman's face is no longer a mystery, and thus a part of the poetry that surrounded her has vanished. The veil that, according to the Koran, was to be "a sign of her virtue and a guard against the talk of the world," and should be of muslin, and drawn in such a manner as to leave only the eyes exposed is in reality of transparent tulle, and only a semblance.

This veil is called the yasmack, and is fashioned from two large white veils, one of which, bound tightly round the head like a bandage, covers the forehead down to the eyebrows and is tied behind, falling in two long ends down the back as far as the girdle; the other covers the whole of the lower part of the face up to the eyes, and is entwined with the first so that the two seem but one.

The ladies have a delightful careless manner of arranging their veils so that often not only the eyes are to be seen, but the face, the ears, neck and hair are visible, and frequently a European hat, with all the flowers and feathers, et cetera, that are necessary to make a hat of fashion adorns the head. These are worn by the "reformed" ladies of Turkey.

One rarely sees going about with loose veil or no veil at all, old and ugly women, as was formerly the custom with them. These are now the most closely veiled, while the younger, and especially the handsome ones, who were always rigorously veiled, are now quite visible; and such is the art with which they know how to adjust the yasmack that the handsome appear still handsomer, and the plain very agreeable.

The rest of a lady's street costume is made of a feredje, a kind of long wrap furnished with a crape and long, wide sleeves, a shapeless garment falling like a sack from shoulders to feet. In winter this is made of cloth, in summer of silk, and always of one color, either red, white, green, yellow or some other brilliant shade. The color may change from year to year, but the form remains always the same.

The Turkish ladies all paint—that is, their faces. But they do it all with taste. They whiten their faces with almond and jessamine paste, lengthen and darken their eye-brows with India ink, tint their eyelids, powder their throat, and put dark circles around their eyes. Their ears have the hue of a delicate pink, and their lips are like ripened cherries.

All are fat. It is rare to see a dumpy or tall, thin woman, as in our country. You never see a Turkish lady with a spirited or vivacious step. She just waddles along, and her waddle is inimitable. This is due mostly to a weakness in her limbs, caused by abuse of the bath; also from the awkward, ill-fitting slippers that she wears.

There are some beautifully formed women to be seen accordingly as there is a mingling of Turkish, Arabic, Circassian or Persian blood.

The majority of Turkish women have about them an air of gentleness, benevolence and childishness, an appearance of entire and mild resignation to their destiny, and of being nothing but toys and things for recreation. But one must not imagine that all are insipid and sad, for there are vivacious and spirited wives of sixteen with cunning and mischief sparkling in every look of their deep, lustrous eyes; and as we watch them, we cannot but experience a feeling of pity for the poor Effendi who has to control them and the unfortunate eunuch who is obliged to watch them.

I have said that the Turkish ladies are free. This truth is apparent to one almost the minute he lands in the city. It would not do to say that they have the freedom accorded their European sisters, but they are far from being slaves.

When a lady wishes to go out, she orders the eunuch to prepare the carriage, asks no one's permission, and comes back when she pleases, providing it is before nightfall. They visit their friends, go to the baths taking their lunch, pass away the day there gossiping and rollicking.

They may be seen boating on the Bosphorus and on the Golden Horn; on Thursdays visiting the Sweet Waters of Europe, on Sundays those of Asia, on Tuesdays the cemeteries of Scutari, and one does not see accompanying them or following them a man, white or black, unless they wish it, nor would any presume to accost them.

During my whole stay in Constantinople, I never saw a Turk on the street with a Turkish lady, and I never saw a Turk conversing with one. Husband and wife meet and pass without a sign of recognition, and nothing is in evidence to show that there is any relationship between them.

But to thoroughly appreciate the freedom that a Turkish woman enjoys, watch her from a distance and follow her footsteps. She will enter a mosque to say a prayer, stop for a quarter of an hour in the court to gossip with a friend, then to the bazaar. Here she is in her glory, and fortunate the shopkeeper whom she misses. She visits shop after shop. She hunts exhaustlessly and with untiring perseverance for an article she doesn't want to buy or find, and if she accidentally finds it she offers a price for it that she knows the merchant will not accept.

Out from the bazaar, and she takes the tramway, rides for a block or two, retraces her steps, buys some sweetmeats, goes to the fish market, then to the bridge, either walks across or takes one of the small boats called a caique, takes the tunnel for Pera and "does" the Grande Rue stopping to look in at every window that tempts her, turns down a by-street and lands in a Turkish cemetery and eats her sweetmeats on a tomb; then back to Pera, watches the soldiers drill drinking a lemonade the while, and then down the other side of the Grande Rue. Nothing escapes her.

Through interminable streets she again reaches the Golden Horn, crosses in a caique, rambles about Stamboul, takes the tramway and arrives at her own door capable of turning and making a tour of more shops, bazaars and markets.

Grains of Gold.

A lie is always an enemy, no matter how friendly it may look.

The man who is holding out to a few favorite sins, is playing hide and seek with Satan.

Every mother should train her children as carefully as she would if she knew they were to be kings and queens.

If all men knew what they say of one another, there would not be four friends in the world. This appears by the quarrels which are sometimes caused by indiscreet reports.

There is nothing by which you can do so much good to the country and your race as by disseminating, amongst the men with whom you live, intellectual enjoyment.

You may pulverise ice, but it is ice still; but let a sunbeam fall on it and it is soon dissolved. Abuse, however severe and humiliating, never softens men; but kindness will melt the most obdurate.

They are best suited to be happy who are neither too high nor too low—high enough to see models of good manners, and obscure enough to be left in the sweetest of solitudes.

They who when about to marry seek their happiness in the mere gaining of fortune and personal beauty, evince a heartless disposition, and their folly is often punished in their success.

Femininities.

If some people would laugh more their doctor bills would be less.

The woman who marries a man to reform him, has no time to take proper care of her complexion.

A small piece of borax put in the bedroom jug, softens hard water and is also a good cleanser.

The granddaughter of the late Baron Hirsch is heir to $100,000,000, which yields $10,000 a day of income.

It is said that less than 10 per cent. of the 451 colleges and universities of the United States are now closed to women.

Mrs. Elby and her daughter, who are walking from Spokane Falls to New York for a purse of $10,000 have passed Chicago.

Emperor William's cares have been increased. His sister, the Princess of Hesse, has become the mother of twin boys.

Discolored enamel saucepans should be boiled out with borax and water for half-an-hour, and afterwards scoured with a little salt.

Mrs. Sarah Malloy, of Wyoming, the first woman ever selected as a Presidential elector, has also the distinction of being an Ohio woman.

Biting the ends of one's thread while at needlework is a dangerous practice, and has been known to produce blood-poisoning, besides being destructive to the enamel of one's teeth.

Excessive tea drinking is assigned as the chief cause of the high rate of insanity in Donegal, and the theory would seem to be strengthened by the fact that there are three female lunatics to one male.

All stock for soup should be allowed to get cold, and the fat skimmed off before making it into soup, and only as much of the broth used as is necessary each time. Vegetables should never be allowed to remain in the stock, as they are apt to turn it sour.

One of the wedding presents received by the bride of the Prince of Naples was an album to which eminent Italian authors and composers contributed autographs. Verdi contributed an aria from "Otello" and Mascagni the cherry duet from "Amico Fritz."

The Rainy Day Club, of New York, composed of women who favor short skirts in sloppy weather, has decided that the length of the skirt was a matter of individual taste; and accordingly a sliding scale of five to eight inches from the ground was adopted.

A woman with only one eye applied at the State Department recently for a passport. The diplomatic clerk, who filled out the paper, discreetly inserted the following description in the blank space opposite "Eyes:" "Dark, soft, full of expression, one of them being absent."

A doctor in the Highlands of Scotland, whose patients are scattered over a wide district, takes carrier pigeons with him on his rounds, and sends his prescriptions by them to the apothecary. He leaves pigeons, too, with distant families to be let loose when his services are needed.

It is well to sew securely the buttons on new gloves before wearing them. They are very slightly put on, and are apt to fly off at very inconvenient times; but if properly secured, generally stay on as long as the gloves are in wear. Buttons on boots should also be fastened with some of the new patent fasteners, which save all the vexation of the buttons coming off.

"There's that baby yelling again!" he exclaimed, angrily, as he threw down the evening paper he had been trying to read.

"The poor little thing has reason to be fretful," said his wife, apologetically.

"Why? What has happened to it?" he asked.

"He's just cut a tooth," she explained.

"Well, for Heaven's sake, put some court-plaster on it, then," he advised.

Major Edward Scholield, Governor-elect of Wisconsin, is the son of a Pennsylvania farmer. At the age of fourteen he became a printer's "devil" in a country newspaper office, later becoming a typesetter. He served through the war with great gallantry, coming out as a Major. At the close of the war he went into the lumber business, and is now one of the most successful lumbermen in Northern Wisconsin.

"Then Miss Newleigh didn't make a success as a campaign speaker?"

"Success? I should say not. Got knocked out on her very first speech."

"What was the matter?"

"Lack of common sense. Had a good crowd of women out to hear her, but in two minutes she emptied the hall."

"How did she do it?"

"Said she was glad to see so large a gathering of the plain people."

"The Plague," the one-act play written by Ian Robertson, with music by Learmont Drysdale, is after the method of Maeterlinck. In the Middle Ages, in a plague-stricken city, a young woman watches her sick husband and child. The Messenger of Death appears in a vision, warns her of the approaching death of one or the other, and offers her the choice of the victim. After a long struggle she asks that her child may live. Then she awakes and finds her child dead and her husband recovering.

Masculinities.

Disgrace is the synonym of discovery.

If you think a man has no troubles, you will find it is because you have never given him a chance to tell them.

There are many things in a man's life that he will never forget, but they are not the things his wife told him to remember.

"Well," said Harduppe, "my overcoat is not as stylish as it might be, but there's one thing redeems it." "What's that?" "The ticket."

The custom of having "at home" days is by no means new. It was prevalent in Queen Anne's time, when ladies were "at home" once a week to their friends of both sexes.

Emperor William of Germany is very handy with the revolver, and always carries one, it is said, since he believes that some time he will encounter an assassin and have need for it.

The new Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Faudel-Phillips, will be the fourth Jew who has had that high distinction conferred upon him, his father having been the second.

An auditor in a Japanese theatre is allowed, for a small fee, to stand up, and the unfortunate individual behind him has no right to remonstrate or to rise and get a peep at the stage.

There are 536 authorized guides in the Alps. One hundred and four of them have taken a regular course of instruction in their profession and have received diplomas; 55 of them are between 60 and 70 years of age, and 6 are over 70.

Not long since a man named Durand won a bet by standing on a pedestal in a public place at Marseilles for four consecutive weeks. He was nearly exhausted after the performance, and his recovery was for long doubtful.

Husband: Do you think it saves you anything to have a running account at that shop? Wife: I know it does. You can't imagine the amount of time it saves me. Why, I never have to stop now to ask the price of anything I wish to purchase!

There is no nation where madness is so rare as in Turkey, where the people of all others think the least. In France, Germany, and England—countries more distinguished for intellectual activity—the number of suicides is greater than in any other countries.

Members of the House of Commons are supplied with stationery of the very best possible quality, and a generous use is made of it. During the past session 410,500 letters were posted at the House of Commons, which gives an average of over 800 per member.

Her face had a dreamy, faraway look. He told her they reminded him of the purple mountain tops showing above the lace-like mists on a summer morning. "Do you mean," she asked softly, "that I seem off my base?" And with a slight shudder he withdrew into the night.

The German Emperor's favorite dish is a lemon souffle, and his favorite drink with it is champagne and seltzer water; but on ordinary occasions he likes beer better than anything else. The Emperor of Austria is particularly fond of veal cutlets, and his favorite wine is Tokay.

George Bernard Shaw, the London novelist, who has been a vegetarian for fifteen years, says that "the enormity of eating the scorched corpses of animals—cannibalism with its heroic dish omitted—becomes impossible the moment it becomes consciously instead of thoughtlessly habitual."

Antonio Maceo, the leader of the native army in Cuba, is one of the tallest men in the tropics, standing 6 feet 3 inches in height. He is almost worshipped by his followers, who have again and again demonstrated their willingness to undergo the gravest peril and hardship in his service.

A certain Mexican was condemned to death for stealing a can of kerosene. He was taken out by a party of soldiers, received a volley of bullets at close range, and was left for dead. As soon as the soldiers had gone he sprang to his feet and walked to the City of Mexico, many miles away, where he entered a hospital. The doctors found three rifle-bullets imbedded in his skull, but he was not fatally injured.

Professor Krafft-Ebing, who holds the chair of mental diseases at the University of Vienna, enlivened his instruction recently by allowing a madman, one of his patients, to lecture in his stead. The man is afflicted by periodic attacks of mania, during which he is much more clever and witty than when sane. His lecture, on "The mental condition of the maniac in periodical attacks of madness," was a brilliant success. After it was over he was shut up again.

In one of Lowell's letters to Briggs, the former mentions Thackeray's visit to Boston, and says that during the meeting of Thackeray with Ticknor, the latter said, "One mark of a gentleman is to be well-looking—for good blood shows itself in good features." "A pretty speech," replied Thackeray, "for one broken-nosed man to make to another," and in the letter Lowell added, "All Boston has been secretly tickled about it."

Latest Fashion Phases.

Boleros of fur will be worn, but the sack remains the favorite for out of door wear. Jackets fitted at the back and straight in front are also well liked. The sacks intended for winter wear are of increased length, and sometimes have a seam in the middle of the back as well as under arm pieces.

The seams may be left open for an inch or so at the bottom. High, flaring collars remain in favor. They are stiffened and are lofty enough to conceal the ears. As for sleeves, they are wonderfully diminished, and it takes decidedly less goods to make a bodice in consequence.

White evening gowns are to be much worn. They are really the most useful ones, for all sorts of accessories and trimmings may be worn with them and an effect of variety obtained at comparatively small expense.

Fur occupies an important place in this winter's wardrobe, as it did in that of last winter. Often it is merely an adornment, bands, revers, collars, being composed of it to give an air of fashion and sumptuousness to the costume. Comparatively few women can afford fine fur garments or linings. Those who can are fortunate, for expensive furs cannot be satisfactorily imitated.

All varieties of fur are worn, and no kind is really unfashionable. Chinchilla is notoriously short lived, and mink fades. And so these two are really more costly than their first price would lead one to think, since they are not serviceable. They are much seen, however, and are among the most pleasing in appearance.

A new costume is of purple cloth. The tablier is framed by two tapering panels of sable. The full chemisette, of purple surah, is partly covered by a pointed bolero of purple velvet, having a collar and revers of sable. The high, folded corselet is of navy blue velvet. The close velvet sleeves have a cloth drapery at the top, gathered under a strap of fur.

The short, straight sack has won the day after a severe struggle and has at last attained fashionable popularity. It is to be worn all winter, varied in all possible ways. In astrakhan it is warm and serviceable for cold days, of which there are sure to be plenty in the majority of places. The collar and trimmings may be of fur.

The substantial costumes cloth and thick, decorative woole are chosen this season. The ornaments are of velvet, passementerie and elaborate and costly buttons. Velveteen is also fashionably worn, as well as corduroy, complete costumes being composed of these materials. There is a wide range of color to choose from, as a popular line of goods is always varied as much as possible by manufacturers.

Capes of embroidered velvet with a fur collar are much worn, as are the less imposing looking cloth capes. Those entirely of fur of course hold their own, as they will continue to do as long as capes of any kind are in vogue.

The straight sack is becoming ubiquitous, it is hardly necessary to say, and in plush, velvet, cloth and fancy woolens is made somewhat longer than it was in the early fall.

As for the regulation jacket, some form of which always remains in style, the newest variety has no godets in the basque, a significant and pleasing symptom. Perhaps by another year, gowns will have been reduced to some sort of likeness to the figure they cover, instead of flurrying out at the feet and hips in an apparent attempt to disguise it.

Skirts are already perceptibly smaller, and sleeves still more diminished. Let the good work go on until all hair cloth and heavy linings are eliminated and a woman can be modishly dressed without being weighted down by her costume.

The present mode is one that accommodates itself to all sorts and conditions of men—or rather women—and is of a character that allows wide latitude for the attractive "making over" of gowns as well as for choice in the selection of new goods. The wealthy woman may easily display the length of her purse in her costume, while the less affluently circumstanced one may ingeniously rejuvenate her old wardrobe without of necessity presenting an out of date appearance.

The peculiarities of the prevailing fashions are of a kind that lend themselves to development in either costly or simple ways with equal suitability. For example, the little vests which are universally worn with the bolero may be of satin, brocade silk or heavily embroidered goods or of some simple but effective wool or light colored velveteen or of cloth. The latter material, which is in great vogue for all purposes, may have a simple and quiet effect or a rich and showy one, according as it is simply stitched and strapped or is covered with applications of embroidery and passementerie.

As for the bolero itself, a description of its manifold varieties has already been given showing its adaptation to different kinds of costume. It may accompany a simple gown of modest price or may be the most expensive part of a costly one. In real, old lace or in open embroidery, with jeweled applications and metallic threads and spangles, it is an article of extreme luxury, to be worn only with gowns of elaboration and expense—pale toned velvet robes, for example, which are about as extravagant a sort of wear as can well be indulged in, since velvet attracts every particle of dust there is going and in a light color is soiled almost by a look.

The accessories of the toilet now provided are wonderful in variety and very often in expense. Gauze, chiffon, lace, embroidery, ribbon, velvet, flowers and spangles are used singly or more or less combined in innumerable forms to compose adjustable decorations. One of the newest is a sort of low necked, sleeveless blouse of spangled gauze, with metallic passementerie or galloon as waistband and about the top. Frills of gauze are placed at the armholes, and a gauze ruche surrounds the neck.

As for fur neckwear, there is ample room for choice there. Wide stole bands, ending in heads and tails in all varieties of fur, broad shoulder collars, much rippled, with high, flaring, standing collars and ruches of fur on a satin foundation, with stole ends, are all new and pleasing. Ostrich feather ruches and collars are also seen. They are more fanciful looking, but less warm and serviceable, and are usually made up with flowers, lace and ribbons. Ostrich plumes are much worn in every possible way. A new model of a dress hat has a moderately wide brim composed entirely of tips curling downward, the crown being of coarse braid.

Wide ribbons are arranged in erect ruffles around the crowns of hats, and bias velvet, folded double, is used in the same way.

A great deal of bright color is employed, relieved and enriched by the addition of black.

Black is always in evidence whenever brilliant shades are in vogue, as it affords a contrast, and a few touches of it prevent the tiresome and glaring effect of too large, unbroken masses of gay color.

Among the pretty millinery models shown for children is the bonnet, which is intended for a very little girl. It is of water green miroir velvet, and has a large full crown, with rows of shirring at the base. The brim is very much rippled, and is lined with puffings of white mousseline de soie. A cluster of white ostrich tips is placed in front, held by a chou of velvet, and at the same time velvet choux adorn the sides also. The ties are of mousseline de soie.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

People may often be enabled to bear severe pain if their hands or feet are placed in thoroughly warm water, the heat of which should be kept up by repeated additions of hot water.

A little ammonia in a pail of moderately-warm water is the best thing for cleaning windows; then a final polish with a soft leather. They should not be cleaned when the sun is on them.

Cold cooked Spanish onion cut in slices and dressed with vinegar, and oil, and pepper, or salad cream, makes a very nice salad. So also does the heart of a fresh raw cabbage; if this is finely cut up, it looks and tastes like lettuce.

To revive leather on chairs, apply a mixture of one part best vinegar, and two parts boiled linseed oil. Shake well and apply with a soft rag; then polish with a chamois leather, or silk duster. This mixture softens the leather and prevents cracking.

Savory rice is a very nice dish made by boiling a cupful of rice in milk till well done. Then add a little more milk, two well beaten eggs with a little salt and pepper. Pour into a shallow dish, sprinkle grated cheese (Parmesan is the best for the purpose) over the top and bake till brown.

Never put on underclothes out of a drawer that are not well aired, however dry they may feel, and when visiting it is well to test the sheets of the bed you are to sleep in by putting a hand glass between them. If it comes out cloudy and misty do not risk sleeping in them, but sleep between the blankets.

Never allow paraffin to be poured on a lighted fire. This is sometimes done to make a fire burn quicker, but it is a most dangerous thing to do, and several lives have been sacrificed in consequence. It is also unsafe for the chimney, which the sudden flare-up may set alight.

When making a meat-pie, be sure and make a hole in the middle of the pastry on the top. In the case of veal-pie, it is especially necessary to let the gases of the meat escape, otherwise it is apt to poison the eaters. A case of death arose from this cause lately. It is also well to cook the meat a little in the oven first, while making the pastry.

If the bottom crust of fruit pies is glazed with the white of an egg it will not be soft and soggy. The top of all kinds of raised pies should be glazed. Beat the yolk of an egg for a short time and add one spoonful of milk. When the pie is two-thirds done remove from the oven, brush over with the glaze, return to the oven and finish baking.

Be very careful not to wear highly-colored stockings or socks. A serious case came under our notice lately, which nearly ended fatally where these had been worn. The skin of the leg was slightly broken and blood poisoning was the result. Brightly-colored gloves should also be avoided.

When arranging winter clothes, remember that two or three layers of thin woollen porous material is warmer and healthier than one thick heavy garment, and it has the advantage of being able to leave off one on a warmer day. When visiting or sitting in church, always have a warm wrap to put on when you go out, rather than one heavy coat that must be worn all the time.

To make very nutritious soup for an invalid, do not make the stock only of one kind of meat, but of several together, and be very careful to take off every particle of fat when the stock is cold before using it.

Tea should always be made with freshly-boiled cold water, not water that has boiled before.

It is a pretty fancy, and in some respects very useful, to have the bedroom candlesticks and the metal cover of the match boxes painted alike, with some design or flower to distinguish them from those of other rooms—it saves confusion and trouble. Every match box should be inclosed in one of the metal cases provided in each packet of a dozen purchased, and they can be easily painted.

Fuller's earth is one of those things which no family should be without. When grease has been spilled upon the carpet a paste of magnesia and Fuller's earth in equal quantities, mixed with boiling water, should be applied and let dry. When it is hard brush the powder away, and the grease spot will have disappeared. Fuller's earth and benzine will remove stains from marble.

Never bake a joint instead of roasting it before an open fire, if you can possibly help it. Medical opinions are very decided as to the injurious effect upon one's health and digestion when meat is baked in a closed oven, and the gases are not allowed freely to escape. Ovens can be ventilated, but few cooks will give themselves the trouble to attend to it, and, even if they do, meat is not so wholesome baked as it is if roasted in the old-fashioned way.

If mothers will remember that until the first teeth are cut there are no secretions in the mouth to act upon and begin the digestion of such starchy foods as bread foods and gruels, they would often save the stomachs of very young children a great deal of trouble.

Should you have occasion to attach tinfoil to paper or anything else, use a cement made by dissolving caustic soda in twice its weight in water. Add rye flour until no more of the flour will dissolve, adding a little water and stirring all the time. To the paste thus prepared add a few drops of Venice turpentine, liquifying the turpentine by gentle heat. The paste thus made will firmly fix tinfoil.

To preserve bright gates or fire-irons from rust, make a strong paste of fresh lime and water, and with a fine brush smear it as thickly as possible all over the polished surface requiring preservation. By this simple means all the grates and fire-irons in an empty house may be kept for months free from harm without further care or attention.

In putting up muslin curtains, do not use curtain rings, but turn the finished edge over the front of the rod to the depth of several inches, and pin with small pins just under the rod. This is much prettier and simpler than the ordinary way, with rings, and it obviates the use of deep fringe or cornice moulding along the top. A long curtain, or piece of material bordered on each edge, can be put over the whole length of the rod in the same way, and gathered up in the centre with a tassel or ribbon, and the ends hanging down loose at each corner.

Polish Brass or Copper.—Remove all the stains, by rubbing the brass with a flannel dipped in vinegar, then polish with a leather and dry rotten stone.

Rub the surface of the metal with rotten stone and sweet oil, then rub off with a piece of cotton flannel, and polish with piece of soft leather. A solution of oxalic acid rubbed over brass soon removes the tarnish, rendering the metal bright. The acid must be washed off with water, and the brass rubbed with whiting and soft leather. A mixture of muriatic acid and alum dissolved in water imparts a golden color to brass articles that are steeped in it for a few seconds.

Brass ornaments should be first washed with a strong lye made of rock alum, in the proportion of one ounce of alum to a pint of water. When dry, rub with leather and fine tripoli. This will give to brass the brilliancy of gold.

Copper utensils or brass articles may be as thoroughly cleaned and look as bright by washing them with a solution of salt and vinegar as by using oxalic acid, and the advantage of running no risk of poisoning either children or careless persons. Use as much salt as the vinegar will dissolve, and apply with a woolen rag, rubbing vigorously, then polish with pulverized chalk, and the article will look like new, with little labor, as the acid of the vinegar is very efficient in removing all stains from either copper or brass.

The quickest and easiest way to brighten copper or brass, is to wet a cloth in a strong solution or oxalic acid, and rub till it is clear, then dip a dry flannel into tripoli or prepared chalk, and rub it well.

A good paste for cleaning brass may be made by mixing one part oxalic acid and six parts rotten stone, with equal parts of train oil and spirits of turpentine, making a thick paste of the whole.

Clean brass with a solution made by dissolving one tablespoonful oxalic acid and two tablespoonfuls tripoli in half pint of soft water. Apply with a woolen rag, and after a few minutes wipe dry and polish.

Wash with warm water to remove grease, then rub with a mixture of rotten stone, soft soap, and oil of turpentine, mix to the consistence of stiff putty. The stone should be powdered very fine and sifted; and a quantity of the mixture may be made sufficient to last for a long time. A little of the above mixture should be mixed with water, rubbed over the metal, then rubbed briskly with a dry, clean rag or leather, and a beautiful polish will be obtained.

How often should the Teeth be Cleaned?—The teeth should be cleaned at least twice a day, once in the morning and again before going to bed. If the breath smells bad, or there is a nasty taste in the mouth, they ought, in addition, to be washed after every meal. The teeth should never be scrubbed, but gently rubbed with a badger haired brush or a piece of flannel. Any tooth-powder answers the purpose, those that contain carbolic acid or other disinfectant being preferable. The following is an exceedingly good preparation, especially if the teeth have a tendency to decay:

Powdered orris root, powdered cuttle bone, and powdered hard soap, of each 1 drachm; carbonate of calcium, carbonate of magnesium, of each 2 ounces; oil of cloves 15 minims, attar of roses 5 minims.

The mouth should always be rinsed out at the same time with some mild wash as the following:

Borax 1 ounce, glycerine 2 ounces, rose-water 1 pint.

If the gums bleed readily a wash containing myrrh is better than a powder, as this drug hardens the gums. The following are two of the best preparations.

Tincture of myrrh 2 ounces, boracic acid ½ ounce, rose water 1 pint; this to be used pure, or equal parts of tincture of myrrh and glycerine of borax. This is sold by every druggist under the name of "tincture of myrrh and borax," and is to be used diluted with three or four times its bulk of water.

One cannot be too careful about the teeth; any decayed ones should be at once seen to, and any stumps ought to be removed as soon as possible, otherwise they may cause great annoyance and set up serious disease of the tongue and mouth.

An Armenian Wedding.

BY G B B

NINETY ONE men and boys of all ages are seated together in double rows. The room is decorated in the usual Armenian fashion, with mirrors, carpets, divans. Bowls of blue china stand on ledges close to the ceiling.

These are heirlooms, and must not be broken for fear of ill luck. There is a gaudy chandelier in the middle of the room, surmounted by a glass peacock, and tin sconces shine dully through the thick haze of tobacco smoke.

As I enter, with as little noise as possible, every one rises effusively. According to oriental ideas of etiquette, a certain amount of importance in one's demeanor is indispensable.

The Orientals have no notion that it can pay to respect a man who does not respect himself; and, therefore, if a Pasha of two tails visits you, you should demean yourself as if you were a Pasha of three. This may not be a very gentlemanly rule of conduct; but it is one which is almost indispensable.

A one-eyed gentleman in a blue dressing-gown assures me that it is the proudest day of his life to welcome such a distinguished guest in Mardin.

A window is opened to let the smoke clear away, and with two hundred and seventy-three movements of the right arm I salute the ninety one guests.

The bridegroom's father takes his place below a burly Turk with a mole on his forehead—a Mohammedan is always entitled to sit above a Christian.

Then come six Turkish officers, then a boy sucking a cigarette, and a Kurd chief, who, in consideration of receiving a big present, has promised not to molest the bride and bridegroom.

He has fine aqualine features, small ears, and tiny feet. His dress consists of silk turban blazing with false brilliants, striped silk trousers, and a gold-laced, tight-fitting jacket. A natty black lambskin over-jacket fits close to his shoulders, and a crimson sash, studded with silver-hilted daggers, encircle the waist of this handsome dare-devil. Next to the Kurd sits a solemn-looking fire worshiper, in closely-fitting black cloth jacket, trousers and astrakan cap.

The proceedings commence with a small glass of mastic (a most evil-smelling spirit) all round, including the boy. Then come the musicians; they are shabby and mournful, and their discordant melodies sound like the howling of a pack of wolves.

Then there is a solo on an Arabic harp. The performer is so energetic, his little parchment covered fingers so active, his tum-tiddy-tum-tiddy-tums so rapid, and his despair at the conduct of one Fatima so great that we are full of sympathy when he declares his intention of quaffing the flowing bowl which she hands to him even should it contain poison; for one glance from her eyes can transform the deadliest draught into life-giving nectar. And so on, until the Kurd and the Persian volunteer to dance.

The Kurd takes the Persian's right hand in his left. They commence proceedings with a "one-two-three, one-two-three, hop, skip, and jump," to which they add a vocal accompaniment.

"What are they singing about?" I ask, after fifteen minutes of this monotonous performance.

"The death of a Kurd prince."

After another quarter of an hour has elapsed I make the same inquiry.

"Oh, Effendi, the death of another Kurd prince."

After supper, which is served on an enormous circular tray supported by a low stool, we returned to the salon.

Shriller and shriller ring out the flageolets in the courtyard. Tambourine and guitar players jostle each other; a thrill of excitement lights up the impassive countenances of the spectators.

"What are they going to do?" I ask. "Where's the bridegroom?"

"Effendi, they are going to dress him. By Allah, he cometh."

A brawny barber, his arms bare to the elbow, hustles in. His assistant carries a chair, over which is spread a flowered towel. Then enters a procession.

The bridegroom, his countenance of ashen pallor (it has been floured for the occasion), totters along supported by sympathizing friends.

After he is shaved by the barber, a variety of costly and wonderful garments are put upon him, all of them gifts from his fair Gemira.

Fourteen of the bridegroom's brothers, each holding a candle in the right hand, strip him to the skin, and then re-clothe him—new undergarments, three green silk waistcoats, a blue silk robe, sash, flowered white satin overcoat, two jackets over that, a long loose blue robe, and a new fez.

The stockings, however, do not fit, and the bridegroom grumbles. Then he kisses my hands, and sits down beside me on the divan.

"I suppose you're very happy?" I somewhat infelicitously ask, not knowing how to begin.

He smiles as if in pain.

"You love your bride very much?"

"Very much indeed."

"What's her name?"

"Effendi, I forget."

Fortunately, at this juncture the music again strikes up in the courtyard, and dancing begins with great spirit around two bonfires—the women at one and the men at the other.

A group of old women squat on the housetop In another corner of the courtyard the flames throw a Rembrandtish light upon a group of withered crones.

Six beautiful Armenian girls, carrying bundles of the bride's clothes on their heads, take their places at a third fire. They are small and slight, with melting dark eyes, voluptuous form and tiny hands. They whirl round and round, blazing with gold and silver coin, in a kind of waltz step, their short blue robes displaying beautifully moulded ankles.

Most of them wear blue muslin veils, strings of pearls in their long braided tresses, and heavy gold bangles on wrists and ankles. Their dancing embodies the poetry of motion.

Now darting soft, languishing looks upon the spectators, now revolving around each other with parted lips and flashing eyes, they are alike attractive and beautiful in their unaffected enjoyment and artless desire to please.

Near the dancers stand several old women who utter at intervals a peculiarly shrill cry, thereby invoking all good influences upon the happy couple.

To-morrow evening the bride, surrounded by her friends, will go to the church door on horseback; the bridegroom walks.

On their arrival the priest will come to the porch and explain to bride and bridegroom the obligations of matrimony.

The procession will then march slowly round the church, preceded by players on cells and cymbals. On reaching the altar, the bride and bridegroom's foreheads will be pieced in juxtaposition, and their heads tied together with gold chains.

The bride keeps herself veiled for three days, and is not left alone with her husband until this time has elapsed.

ASTONISHING. Physiologists are agreed that of all the wondrous mechanism in the human body, that of the "inner ear" (as it is called) is by far the most astonishing. No musical instrument ever invented was a tenth part so intricate or so perfectly adapted to its special work.

The waves of air which constitute "sound" are received in the tube of the "outer ear," and cause the highly-elastic "drum" to vibrate many thousands of times a second, just in the same way as the receiver of a telephone.

Every movement of this tympanum, no matter how slight or how rapid, sets in motion the three small bones constituting the "middle ear," which bear a striking resemblance to a hammer, an anvil, and a stirrup respectively. The whole three, although most perfectly shaped, are so tiny as to be easily placed upon a three-cent piece.

The stirrup just fits a hole in the bony "inner ear" (shaped like a snail-shell) and works in and out of this hole like a piston in a pump; and though the drum vibrates at an astonishingly rapid rate the stirrup responds to every stroke. Each time it moves a ripple it sent through the liquid contents of the snail shell.

It is inside this inner ear (the cochlea) where the true sound-perceiving organs are situated. An eminent Italian anatomist, the Marquis Corti, has made the astonishing discovery by the aid of powerful microscopes, that there are here some 3,000 flattened arches constituting a complete spiral staircase up the cochlea, and every one of these is in reality a piano-key responding to a different note, and to that one only.

The notes are placed side by side, exactly as on a key board, and what we have in fact is a human piano, one which, too, includes thousands of keys and chords.

The theory advanced is that every sound we hear is a compound one in reality, and that the wave motion is broken up inside the ear till it strikes only the corresponding notes on "Corti's keyboard."

These affect the auditory nerve attached to them, but the brain becomes cognisant of all the notes simultaneously and so blends them again into the single sound which has set the whole elaborate machinery at work.

PAID TO THE EMPEROR.—The German Emperor receives his state allowance quarterly in advance.

The money is twice counted by different functionaries at the National Treasury, and is afterwards placed in a number of strong boxes and carried to the Royal Mail wagon, waiting at the door between a troop of mounted soldiers.

After the load has been placed in the vehicle, the Ministers of Finance of the empire and the kingdom place the seals of their respective offices on the door, and accompany the Minister of the Royal household in his carriage to the palace, the mail wagon, with its escort follow immediately behind.

Not until the money is actually deposited in the vaults of the Emperor's Berlin palace does the Minister of the Household sign the receipts, which are made out in the name of "Wilhelm" and "William Imperator," respectively, one-half of the sum being derived from the Treasury of the German Empire.

Two days later the Court functionaries receive their pay, but although the Emperor receives his salary in advance, not one of the employes is similarly favored, so that the Emperor is practically always three months behind in the pay list of his household.

At no great Court in Europe are the salaries so low as that of Berlin. This is not surprising, when the enormous number of persons who figure on the pay-roll is taken into consideration.

For instance, there are no fewer than five hundred housemaids and one thousand eight hundred liveried footmen in the Imperial household. Every servant is entitled to a pension after twenty years' service.

Out of his civil list the Emperor is expected to pay the allowances of the various members of his family; but this is not a heavy drain on his purse. His brother, Prince Henry, and his brother-in-law, Prince Frederick Leopold, have each inherited immense private fortunes, and are practically independent of any allowance, while the only other princes of his house, Prince Albert of Brunswick, the crazy Prince Alexander, and the eccentric, yet talented, Prince George, all three elderly men, are known to be exceedingly wealthy.

SOME ROYAL WIDOWS.—It is somewhat astonishing to reckon the number of royal widows, regnant or uncrowned, now more or less in public view.

First, of course, comes her Majesty the Queen. Next to her one must rank her eldest daughter, Victoria, more commonly known as the Empress Frederick of Germany.

Then, in the same family circle, there are the Duchess of Albany, born Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and widow of the Queen's youngest son, and the lately bereaved Princess of Battenberg.

Upon the Continent there are a pair of widowed queens regent—Marie Christina of Spain and Emma of Holland. Both have won golden opinions from those they govern, no less than from impartial onlookers.

Queen Emma is, by the way, sister to the Duchess of Albany, who is said to have been the first choice of King William of Holland.

But none of the queens or empresses can put out of court Dagmar, some time of Denmark, now the widowed Czarina, Marie Feodorovna.

It must have gone hard with her, in spite of the splendors the change implied, to give over her Danish name, which means "daydawn," for an appellation so cumbrous. Feodorovna means, by the way, "daughter of Theodore."

Austrian royalty has two widows, between whom it is hard to say which has had the more tragic story.

All the world still remembers the tragedy of Meyerling—how the Crown Prince Rudolph shot himself, leaving his wife Stephanie a widow. The shock and shadow of it all for the time overwhelmed her.

But she has no continuing sorrow such as has driven to madness Carlotta, once Empress of Mexico, who missed seeing her husband, Maximilian, shot, only because she had gone to Europe asking help for him where no help was.

Besides the widowed ex-Empress Eugenie, France has a Duchess of Orleans, whom the Legitimists rank as Queen Dowager.

MEDICAL MORPHINE SLAVES.—"It is unfortunately too true," said a doctor recently, "that quite a number of medical men are themselves addicted to morphine.

"Of course their patients know nothing about it; but their medical friends do, particularly those who use morphine themselves; for it is a fact that slaves of this habit fraternise and openly recognise their terrible brotherhood.

"The temptations to a doctor to take up the insidious vice, which soon becomes a horrible slavery, are many and terrible.

"They begin in the hospital, where the young surgeon is called on to perform trying duties at all hours of the night, and where he soon learns, perhaps from the example of others, that a 'jab' of the needle at once steadies the nerves and renders him fit for any service.

"And so it goes on until one day he finds himself unable to stop. He intends, fully intends, to do so as soon as circumstances permit; but those circumstances never do permit.

"On the contrary, they lead him deeper into the mire, and, loathing himself, hiding his secret from the world, he goes out into practice a confirmed morphine inebriate."

STRANGELY do some people talk of "getting over" a great sorrow—overleaping it, passing it by, thrusting it into oblivion. But no one ever does that—at least no nature which can be touched by the feeling of grief at all. The only way is to pass through the ocean of affection solemnly, slowly, and with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until the gulf narrows and narrows before our eyes, and we land safe on the opposite shore.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

CURES AND PREVENTS

COLDS COUGHS SORE THROAT INFLUENZA BRONCHITIS PNEUMONIA SWELLING OF THE JOINTS LUMBAGO INFLAMMATIONS

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA.

FROSTBITES CHILBLAINS HEADACHE TOOTHACHE ASTHMA

DIFFICULT BREATHING.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Sure Cure for Every Pain. Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest, or Limbs. It was the first and is the only Pain Remedy

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal Pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

50 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Radway's Pills

Always Reliable, Purely Vegetable.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles.

Sick Headache, Female Complaints, Biliousness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation

And all Disorders of the Liver.

Observe the following symptoms, resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

PRICE 25 CTS. A BOX. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Humorous.

A LOVER'S REASON.

Since you are you, and I am I,
It does not need a passer-by
To tell us we exist and why.

What happy moment they have missed
Who have not managed to exist
Either as kissers or as kissed.

It is not necessary to use water in pouring over a book.

A telegraph wire is like a mustache—It is of no use when it is down.

Just so long as a woman retains her maiden name her maiden aim is to change it.

Bingo: Does your baby sleep well? Dingo: I don't know; I'm away from home all day.

When a cow gives you a horn, it is more polite than truthful to say you have had a milk punch.

"The evil that men do lives after them." Even when an amateur cornetist dies, he leaves the fatal instrument behind.

It rather annoys a woman after she has had a child christened some romantic Indian name, to learn that the name, translated, means "old boots."

Some genius has invented a machine to play pianos. This will fill a long-felt want. When two young people of opposite sex are in the parlor in the evening, the old lady don't begin to saunter in until the piano stops.

"Miss Yam isn't at all musical."

"How do you know?"

"I offered to sing 'Oh, promise me,' last night, and she said she'd promise anything if I wouldn't."

Dismal Dawson: I'm trying to git back to me poor old mother. She ain't seen me face for ten years.

The offensive plutocrat: I guess that is the truth. Why don't you wash it?

"How is the weather out?" asked Mrs. Wickwire.

"Very pugilistic," replied Mr. Wickwire.

"Very how?"

"Windy and threatening."

Miss Flighty: Have you decided to take any part in the discussion, "What will we do in Heaven?"

Good minister: No, miss. I am at present much more interested in the question, "What shall we do to get there?"

First lady: I don't see how you can afford to let your lodgers owe you several weeks' rent.

Second lady: Well, it's like this. When they're in debt it affects their appetites; they never like to ask for a second helping, so it comes cheapest in the end.

Master, addressing his Irish man servant: Terrence, I'm going into the country to stay at my mother's place. If Mr. Dubley calls tell him that I'll be back on Tuesday.

Terrence: Begorra, I will sor! And (after a pause) what will I be after saying to him if he doesn't call, sor?

Jinks, at a party: I don't see what's the matter with that pretty woman over there. She was awfully flirty a little while ago, and now she won't have anything to do with me.

Stranger: I have just come in. She's my wife.

Timmins: I am afraid I am getting old. A giggling girl is becoming a nuisance to me.

Simmons: You are not getting old; you are merely getting middle-aged. When you begin to grow old you will commence liking giggling girls again.

"I suppose that it would take a great deal of observation and experience to enable a man to pick the fastest horse entered for a race," she remarked.

"Yes," replied the man of mournful experience; "but that isn't what you are trying to do. What you want to do is to pick the horse that is going to win."

Callnaux, a shopkeeper, writes to one of his customers as follows:

"I am able to offer you cloth like the enclosed sample at 9 francs the metre. In case I do not hear from you, I shall conclude that you wish to pay only 8 francs. In order to lose no time, I accept the last mentioned price."

De Lole: Where do you intend to spend your vacation?

De Pole: I am going to our milkman's dairy farm. There is the finest kind of fishing in that neighborhood.

De Lole: Huh! You don't take his word for it, do you?

De Pole: No, indeed. We've found young trout in his milk.

Bearded stranger: Madam, you may not recognise me, but years ago, when but a little child, I lived next door, and one day, in my childish romps, I lost a button from my coat. I had no mother, as you know; and shall I ever forget, madam, that you took me in and sewed another on for me? Ah, madam"—brushing away a tear—"through all these years I have treasured that little button as a sacred relic, and here it is.

Kind lady: Well, my good man, what can I do for you now?

Bearded stranger: All I need is another coat.

CHILD SACRIFICE.

It is usually believed that the practice originated in Phœnicia. The Phœnicians were a very religious people in their way; polytheists and idolaters, but showing in many ways an extraordinary reverence for their gods.

In every city the temple was by far the finest building, full of rich and beautiful ornaments gifted to it in honor of the gods.

The supreme ruler deemed it the highest honor to uphold the worship of the gods, and for the most part bore a name that denoted his reliance on one of them for protection and guidance.

The coinage bore religious emblems, the figure heads on the ships were often images of the gods, and all great undertakings were preceded by endeavors to conciliate their favor.

As St. Paul said afterward of the Jews, "They had a zeal for God," or rather for their gods, "but not according to knowledge."

Yet nowhere did religion show worse than in Phœnicia. An old Latin proverb was verified: "The corruption of the best things is the worst," or, as we say in English, "The best wine turns to the sourest vinegar."

Two very horrible practices became rife under the shadow of religion—licentious orgies and child sacrifices.

The one was connected with the worship of the female deity, Astarte or Ashtoreth; the other of the male, Baal, as he was called generally; but other names were given to him by other nations who practised his worship, such as Moloch or Chemosh.

The Canaanites that inhabited Palestine long before the Israelites were either Phœnicians or much influenced by them; and it was the abominations that proceeded from this atrocious worship that doomed them to the judgment which the Israelites inflicted.

It is easy to see how horrible the consequences must have been when practices of this sort were supposed to have the sanction of the gods.

In most cases it is some check to evil when it is believed to be offensive to the powers of Heaven; but here, where Heaven was held to favor lust and murder, not only had the salt lost its savor, but it had itself become a creator of corruption, and there was absolutely nothing to prevent the people from becoming one disgusting mass of moral putridity.

We have no very authentic account of the manner in which children were offered in sacrifices to the gods.

The most minute descriptions are derived from the writers in the Talmud, and from other persons outside, who may not have had personal knowledge of the practices they describe.

But we know that the offerings were presented to Baal or Moloch as the gods of fire, and, to be acceptable, they required to be consumed by his own element.

"The mode of death was horrible. The rabbis describe the image of Moloch as a human figure with a bull's head and outstretched arms, and the account which they give is confirmed by what Diodorus Siculus relates of the Carthaginian Kronos.

"His image, Diodorus says, was of metal, and was made hot by a fire kindled within it; the victims were placed in its arms and thence rolled into the fiery lap below. The most usual form of the rite was the sacrifice of children, especially of their eldest sons, by parents.

"This custom was grounded in part on the notion that children were the dearest possession of their parents, and, in part, that as pure and innocent beings, they were the offerings of atonement most certain to pacify the anger of the deity; and further that the god of whose essence the generative power of nature was had a just title to that which was begotten of man, and to the surrender of their children's lives.

"Voluntary offering on the part of the parents was essential to the success of the sacrifice; even the first born, nay, the only child, of the family was given up.

"The parents stopped the cries of their children by fondling and kissing them, for the victim ought not to weep; and the sound of complaint was drowned in the din of flutes and kettle-drums."

Mothers, according to Plutarch, stood by without tears or sobs; if they wept or sobbed, they lost the honor of the act, and their children were sacrificed notwithstanding. Such sacrifices took place either annually or on an appointed day, or before great enterprises.

DUMMY GUESTS AT HOTELS.—At various times and in various ways there have been published particulars of many strange callings and occupations, but in this connection we have by no means exhausted the peculiar ones.

Only the other day the writer came across, quite by accident, a well-dressed, gentlemanly man, who for a great portion of his time is housed and boarded in luxury in his capacity of a dummy guest at hotels.

The exercise of his queer profession is brought about thus. When a new hotel first opens, it is somewhat difficult to attract visitors till the reputation of the place is known. Now comes in the use of the dummy guest.

Half a dozen or so of these, all men who have moved in good society, but are reduced in pocket, are communicated with; and in return for their presence in the hotel they are allowed apartments and board, free of charge, till the rooms they occupy shall be wanted by genuine paying guests.

The dummy guests have to be well dressed, and have nightly to appear at the table d'hote, in order to give the new hotel an appearance of cheerfulness and prosperity. In this way the dummies are sometimes in residence for months at a time.

Hotels at seaside places largely avail themselves of these dummy guests, who are supposed to recommend the hotel to their friends and acquaintances; and hotels that have done bad business in the past, and have just changed proprietorship, usually adopt the same method of filling what would otherwise be empty rooms; for a number of vacant rooms in a hotel is an extremely prejudicial attribute of any establishment.

In some few cases where a dummy guest has a very large circle of acquaintances, with special facilities for recommendation, additional recompense is often made him in the form of cash.

We are born in hope, we pass our childhood in hope; we are governed by hope through the whole course of our lives; in our last moments hope is flattering to us; and not till the beating of the heart shall cease will its benign influence leave us.

RIPANS TABULES REGULATE THE STOMACH LIVER AND BOWELS AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

RIPANS TABULES are the best Medicine known for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Ripans Tabules are pleasant to take, safe, effectual, and give immediate relief. Sold by druggists.

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Inventors of the CELEBRATED GO SAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold as Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 23, '93. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do no know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

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1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 4.00, 11.04, a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 3.08, 4.10, 6.12, 8.19 (dining car), 11.58 p m. Sunday 4.00 a m, 12.04, (dining car), 4.10, 6.12, 8.19, (dining car), 11.58 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 9.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 8.00, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.25, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.30, 8.00, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 12.45, 4.05, 5.30, 11.30 p m. Accom. 4.20, 7.45, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.00, 11.35 a m, 4.15, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 12.45, 4.05, 5.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 4.05, 5.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 a m. Accom., 7.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

For Gettysburg, 8.35, 10.10 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 4.05, 5.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 4.05, 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 5.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.10 a m.

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